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NEW CASABLANCA RIOTS

Moroccans & Europeans Clash

NEWSPAPER OFFICE ATTACKED

Casablanca, July 15.

Fighting broke out here this evening between demonstrating Moroccans and Europeans. A mob of Moroccans moved in from the Medina (Moroccan quarter) towards the European town and clashed with Europeans who were counter-demonstrating.

Shortly afterwards, another group of Moroccans was reported moving towards the European quarter where 35 European casualties resulted from fighting last night.

Moroccans were sacking European villas on their way into the centre of the city.

Earlier a crowd of European demonstrators sacked and burnt Moroccan shops in the "Place Des Allies" and overturned and set on fire Moroccan transport buses. Many Moroccans were injured by the demonstrators. No police were to be seen.

Two Moroccans were killed by revolver and machinegun fire by the European demonstrators in the centre of Casablanca. They were beaten over the head with rifle butts until completely dead, while a third Moroccan in the same district was lynched by the crowd some minutes later.

A vast crowd of more than 2,500 European demonstrators dashed out from the centre of Casablanca to the premises of the pro-French anti-counter-terrorist newspaper Maroc-Presse, breaking through a thin cordon of police and attempted to force their way into the building.

WINDOWS SMASHED

Finding the doors bolted the crowd, completely filling the little street where the newspaper has its offices, hurled stones through the windows of the editor's rooms and the administrative quarters. Two printers were injured by the missiles.

In the street, the crowd found a car belonging to the newspaper, which they proceeded to smash up.

The demonstrators finally retired, carrying with them in triumph a member of the police delegated to keep order in the city.

A major part of the shares in the Maroc Presse were bought at the beginning of the year by Roland Lemaigre Dubreuil, who was shot last month by unknown assailants as he came out of his flat in the European quarter of Casablanca.

At the time it was considered that this murder was the work of French counter-terrorists.—France-Presse.

HEAVY CASUALTIES

Casablanca, July 15.

French and Moroccan mobs clashed in the streets, pillaged, burned and killed tonight in blazing riots that raged out of control.

At least 15 persons were killed and 100 or more injured, but the police announced late tonight: "The manifestations have ended in Casablanca."

The new French Resident General, Gilbert Grandval, had hurried in troop reinforcements and clamped a strict curfew in an effort to stop the wild mob rioting that threatened France's whole new conciliation policy in the strategic protectorate.

The police tonight turned back a Moroccan mob invading the European quarter in retaliation for massacres and lynchings of Moroccans by European mobs.

But Casablanca was a city in a state of siege. It seemed that war had swept through its streets, leaving hulks of smoking cars, burning buildings and pillaged shops.—United Press.

Peron To Call It A Day

WILL NOT SEEK RE-ELECTION

Buenos Aires, July 15.

President Peron of Argentine said today he is resigning his leadership of the Peronista Party and will not accept re-election as President for a third time.

He also, told Congress representatives who called on him at Government House that the state of internal war which has been in operation since an abortive military coup in September 1951 will be lifted.

The state of internal war authorises police to keep people under arrest for any length of time at the government's pleasure.

A NEW PHASE

He said the country was about to enter a new phase of constitutional government with complete political freedom for all factions and freedom of the press.

The election in which President Peron said he would not stand as president is constitutionally due in 1958, but observers here expect a call to the polls much earlier.

President Peron was swept to power as the country's first constitutionally elected President in 1946 when he was head of the Partido Laborista, the party which was later named the Peronista Party.—Reuter.

25 YEARS FOR KILLING BOY

New York, July 15.

Frank Santana, 17, who shot a younger boy to death on a Bronx Street last April 30, was sentenced on Friday to 25 years to life in prison.

In passing sentence, Bronx County Court Judge William Lyman said the killing of 15-year-old William Blankenship Jr. was "wanton murder."

The slain boy was the son of a Bronx community leader in the fight against juvenile delinquency.—Associated Press.

Manchester, July 15.

Representatives of all sections of the British cotton industry will meet Mr Peter Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade, on July 27 to discuss the industry's export problems.

The Cotton Board said the meeting would take place at the invitation of Mr Thorneycroft.—Reuter.

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Capital Punishment

IN any consideration of the British public's reaction to the hanging of Mrs Ellis, it is necessary first to draw a distinction between morbid fascination and conscientious objection. It is necessary also to bear in mind that the case was far from typical; in fact it was extraordinary. The murder itself was a "crime of passion," and additionally Mrs Ellis was a young and beautiful mother of two children. These factors tended to swing public opinion against the death sentence.

It is worthwhile pointing out that when a 57-year-old woman was hanged in Manchester for a particularly cold-blooded crime a year ago, the outcry was largely confined to a small hard core of conscientious objectors to capital punishment. Ruth Ellis dies a martyr's death by comparison, and news agency reports see Wednesday's execution as a potent factor in a new drive against the death sentence.

IT is agreed that hanging is not a particularly commendable form of punishment. With some justice it has been described as a barbarous anachronism. The Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, however, while advocating certain changes in the imposition of the death penalty, largely supports hanging. The three purposes commonly assigned to punishment are retribution, deterrence and reformation, and it is claimed that capital punishment has a "uniquely deterrent force."

We believe it would be a pity if public reaction to the Ellis case by itself brought an end to capital punishment, particularly as the current outcry in Britain does not appear to be based on profound conviction. It would be foolish to destroy impetuously an instrument that has assumed a vital role in the prevention and punishment of crime in Britain.

At least it may be said in mitigation that the scales of justice balance fairly where the English judicial system is employed, which is, perhaps, more than can be said for the many "progressive" countries who criticise Britain's so-called "out-dated" system.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 5: "Murder Was Their Business"—One of the world's strangest stories.

P. 6: The Wingate story—4th instalment.

P. 7: Another of the "Did it Happen?" series.

P. 8: Anne Sharpley reveals the secret of the Mary Pickford "quarrel policy."

P. 13: Sefton Delmer shows you a photograph and reports on the Malenkov comeback; Rene MacColl calls on P.G. Wodehouse and reports why he will not return home in the style of Bertie Wooster.

Mrs Sispera Home At Last

London, July 15.

Mrs Phyllis Sispera, 32-year-old divorced wife of a Czech, flew into London late tonight with her three children after a month-long battle to leave Czechoslovakia.

With her was Mr Jaromir Chudy, a Czech, who first disclosed her story to the world and who according to some reports may marry Mrs Sispera.

Mrs Sispera, carrying a bouquet of red roses, was smiling joyfully as she alighted from a Viscount airliner of the British European Airways.

She joined with her children in waving to a crowd gathered on the airport balcony behind a battery of newsreel and press cameras.

The home-coming and family reunions with three of Mrs Sispera's sisters and two of her brothers was a birthday present for her eldest child, Jaroslav Martin Sispera, who was 13 today.

"TERRIBLE LIFE"

Mrs Sispera, wearing a big belted grey jacket-length coat, adorned with a bright yellow flower, spoke of her imprisonment with her former husband in 1950 for attempting to leave Czechoslovakia illegally.

With her arm tightly clasped around her daughter, who clutched a small doll, Mrs Sispera said grimly: "The prison life was beyond my courage."

She described it as a "terrible life."

Mrs Sispera described her repeated applications to return to Britain with the children and said: "I fought for it. I cannot tell you how I fought for it."

Asked how it felt to be home, she said: "It is too good to be true. It is like a heavy stone being lifted from my heart."—Reuter.

Big Three Reach Swift Agreement

Paris, July 15.

Western statesmen preparing for next week's Geneva conference of heads of government swept through their business here today reaching "complete agreement" on the presentation of their case to Russia.

At a 2½-hour meeting the three foreign ministers — Mr John Foster Dulles, United States, Mr Harold Macmillan, Britain, and M. Antione Pinay, France — adopted with only slight changes the detailed plans submitted by their experts.

These "briefs" which now go to the three Western heads of government at a meeting in Geneva on Sunday morning deal with:

1. **The reunification of Germany.**
2. **European security.**
3. **World disarmament.**
4. **A miscellany of problems causing international tension.**

—Reuter.

WORLD RECORD

Oslo, July 15.

The Finn, Pentti Karvonen, tonight established a new world record for the 3,000 Metres steeplechase. His time was 8 minutes and 45.4 seconds.—France-Presse.

US And Red China

OPTIMISTIC FORECAST BY U NU

San Francisco, July 15.

U Nu, Burmese Prime Minister, said today he believed within the foreseeable future an understanding would be established between Communist China and the United States.

He stressed that his prediction was based on personal belief not on what he had been told by anyone.

Concluding his visit to the United States, U Nu was speaking at a press conference.

Last night in a formal address he advanced the opinion that world problems would not be settled until China participated in discussions with the Big Four.

CHANCES FAVOURABLE

Asked to sum up the results of efforts to bring about an understanding between the US and China he said he believed the chances were favourable in the future.

U Nu said he believed the establishment of such an understanding would follow unification between Nationalist and Communist China.

"If there is no unification the people of China will continue to suffer and they have suffered enough," U Nu said.

He explained he had not discussed the unification of Formosa and Communist China with Nationalist leaders and in his role of Prime Minister he could not do so because Burma does not recognise the Nationalist Government.

But he said if he were a private citizen and were asked by Nationalist leaders to discuss the problem he would be happy to do so.

TENSIONS RELAX

Asked if he envisaged circumstances when he could visit Formosa in the role of a private citizen, he said it was possible but the decision to retire as Prime Minister was not up to him but to the people of Burma.

U Nu said he believed world tensions had appreciably relaxed during the last few months and said that the Asian nations would continue their efforts to establish a basis of friendship between the Communist and Western blocs of the world.

He disclaimed the role of self-appointed negotiator between the blocs because he said he considered such a role ridiculous and he did not like ridiculous jobs.

He would accept the role of negotiator, he said, only if asked by all the parties concerned and then he would work only as a servant of peace.—Reuter.

Second Victim Of Thunderbolt

Ascot, July 15.

A second death occurred during the night as a result of yesterday's "tropical" thunderstorm at Ascot when lightning flashed into a crowd of racegoers, killing a woman and injuring several other persons.

This brought the death roll from lightning during the past 24 hours to seven. These included three school children sheltering under a tree in a Southampton park.—China Mail Special.

AMERICAN VIEWPOINT

Soviet Security Assured By West European Union

Paris, July 15.

The United States is to tell the Soviet Union at the "Big Four" meeting in Geneva that the armaments control measures and the level of forces provided by Western European Union offer Russia the most effective guarantee of her security, a source close to the American delegation said here tonight.

The source said that one of the tasks of Western diplomacy at the "summit" conference in Geneva would be to convince the Soviet Union that her security would be guaranteed under the Western European Union formula.

The control of German rearmament under WEU and the North Atlantic Council should clearly show Russia that the danger of German militarism was over.

The source added that in the American view the fact that France and Germany were now closely linked meant the elimination of one of the major sources of friction in Europe, thus providing an added protection for the Soviet Union.

The American delegation to Geneva feels that the unification of Germany and European security are two parts of the same problem.

The United States government does not believe the Soviet Union would consent to German reunification unless adequate arrangements were made for European security.

IMPRACTICABLE

The source said that the United States rejected the idea that some kind of formal agreement could be reached between NATO and the Eastern European defence set-up, recently established in Warsaw.

In the American view, this would be an alliance between two blocs which did not trust each other. As such, it would be unworkable.

The United States in addition did not believe that two separate German states could be organised into any effective defence system.

According to the source the United States expects that the question of German reunification and European security will be referred by the four heads of governments to a meeting of foreign ministers in the autumn, while the disarmament problem will be handed over to the United Nations.

According to the source, the United States at Geneva will want to discuss with Russia the status of the Soviet satellites and the problem of subversion in the free world, caused by agents of international Communism.—Reuter.

Court Upholds A Mother

Norwich, July 15.

A 32-year-old mother of four children maintained in court here yesterday that it was wrong to send a child under 10 to school — and won her case.

She is Mrs Joy Baker and she was appealing against being fined £4 earlier by a magistrates' court for failing to comply with school attendance orders.

Mrs Baker maintained that it was wrong to separate upbringing and schooling "until at least the age of 10."

Today the court—the County of Norfolk Sessions Appeals—allowed Mrs Baker's appeal but added that this would not prevent the local education authorities from taking further action any time they felt the children were not receiving efficient education.

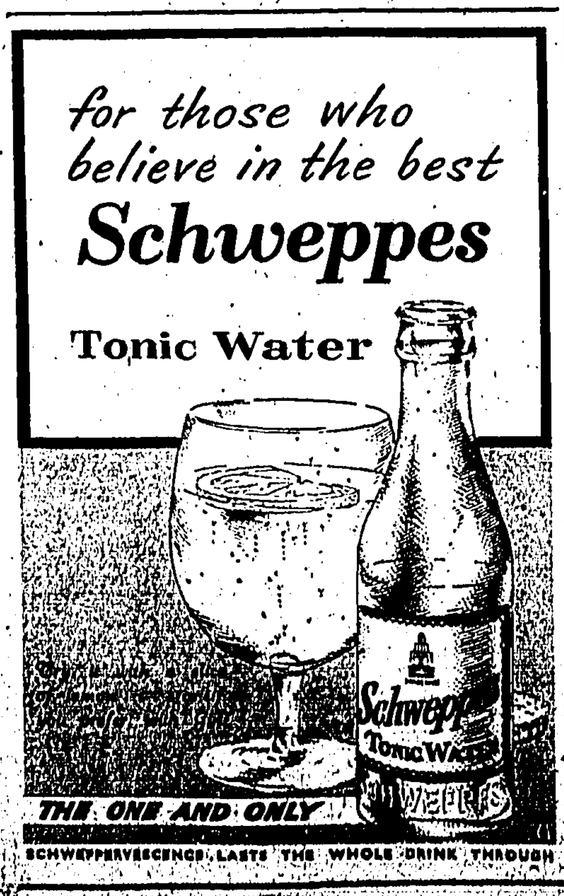
HER METHOD

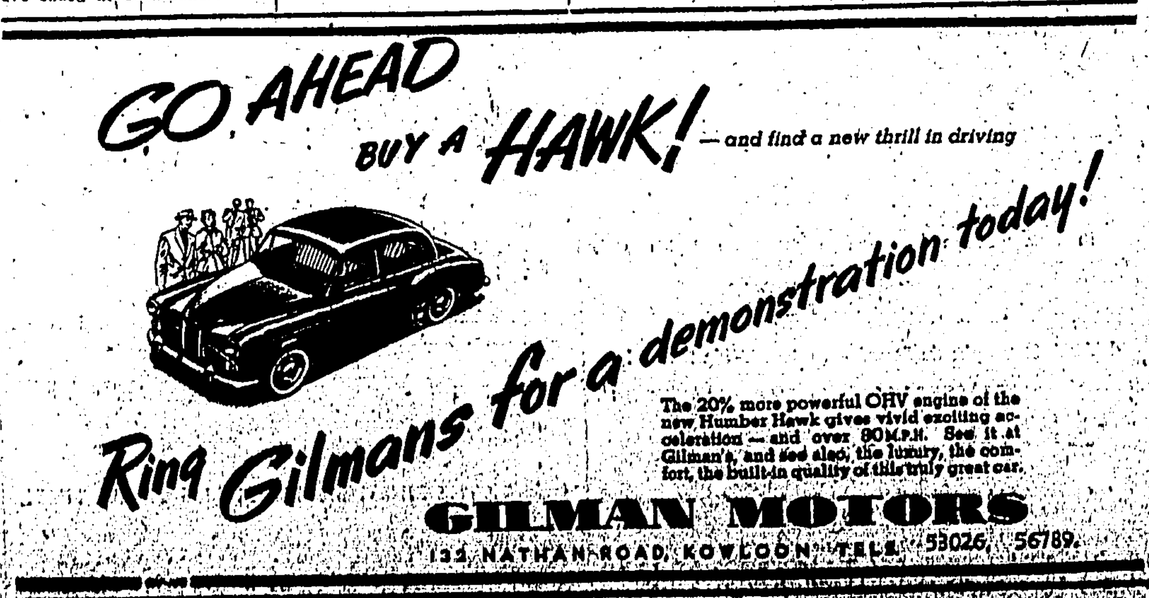
Mrs Baker told the court that she found by her method the children could more easily understand what was going on and the greater part of their work had been to learn to speak correctly, appropriate table manners—cleanliness, courtesy, kindness and consideration.

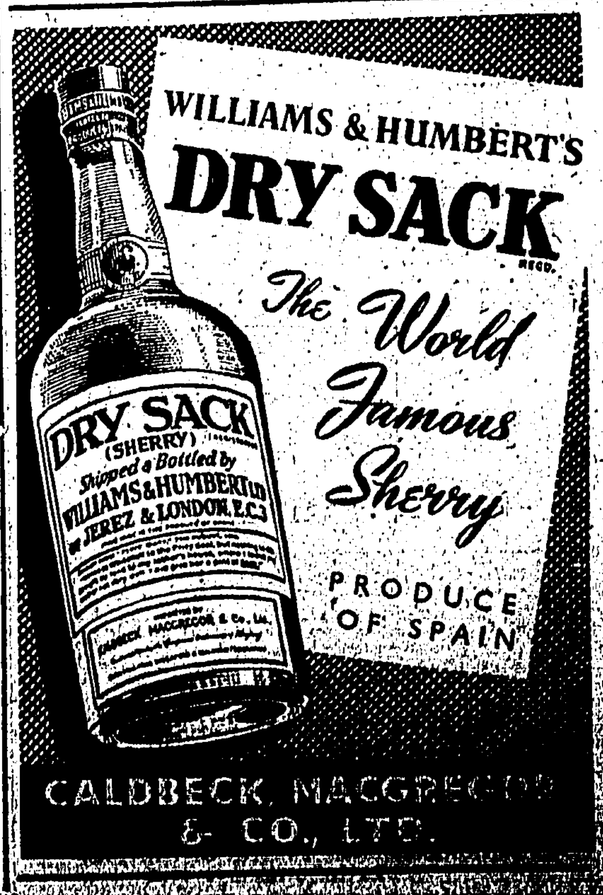
She said she thought these were of more importance than writing or arithmetic.

"I am not for scholastic achievement but for contented human beings," she said.

Mr Harry Greenwood, the County Senior Inspector of Schools, said that Mrs Baker's 10-year-old son was three years behind in writing and arithmetic and about a year behind in reading.—China Mail Special.







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FILMS Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

The range of cinema entertainment available this week-end at the first run picture houses is wide.

There are two present-day adventure films — "The Sea Chase"; and "Soldier of Fortune"; a beautifully photographed, feature-length documentary at the King's, Princess and Empire — "The Living Desert" and a western at the New York and Great World. Peter Ustinov's name being synonymous with intelligent acting an interesting evening is guaranteed by his name appearing in the cast list of "Beau Brummel" at the Hoover and Liberty.

Life And Death In The Desert

I am most surprised at the amount of attention and interest created by Walt Disney's first full-length feature documentary. The number of people preferring a serious film to a western or a comedy often appears to be so small here that I should have thought that the absence of a story and personalities would have decided many filmgoers against going to see "The Living Desert."

This entirely animal world has an eerie quality at times that evokes a feeling of being on another planet. The stark magnificence of Death Valley is physically frightening—the rocks with their extreme age and their indifference to the comings and goings of man, brutal in their air of pitiless disdain.

The animals are the main interest however, and with what painstaking patience they have been photographed, and with what imagination.

Who would have thought that a pig—even a wild one—could be a menace to the tiger family, and how strange to find a rattlesnake — surely the most deadly of things—backing down to a tarantula. And if you think that the animal kingdom can't be subtle you'll get a surprise in the courtship shots of tortoises and scorpions.

The background music and commentary is very well keyed to the photography. The flurry of bats as they fly off has a fitting buzzing of violin strings accompanying it and there's a most amusing "square dance" treatment of the scorpions' courtship.

This would be an excellent film for schools, with its combination of humour and instructiveness—a new form of painless education.

Very Pleasant Entertainment

I liked "The Sea Chase"—possibly because I had a soft spot for the book, and probably because both John Wayne and Lana Turner can do no wrong in my eyes.

Neither are what could be called great dramatic actors, but Wayne physically fits the tough roles he so often takes, and Lana Turner could quite obviously get anything she wanted from any but the most unimpressionable male — what more could anyone require from the hero and heroine of an adventure story?

Sydney is the jumping-off place for "The Sea Chase". John Wayne is the captain of an old tramp steamer which is docked there for feed and supplies on the eve of the outbreak of war in 1939. His sympathies are anti-Nazi but rather than be interned or scuttle the ship (which his pro-Nazi first mate suggests) he slips out of the harbour with barely enough fuel to take him to a small island in the South Seas.

Lana Turner has been spying for the Germans and at the orders of the Consul-General, John Wayne reluctantly takes her along as a passenger. She comes aboard dripping with jewellery, dressed in a clinging dress that leaves nothing to the imagination, trailing a mink.

She tells him that she's only brought one suitcase with her, but judging from the number of changes she make during the voyage it must have had expanding sides.

The poor girl doesn't enjoy the first part of the trip very much, spending most of the time in a glass-smashing, record-breaking tantrum, interspersed with bitter quarrels with the captain and evasive action against the octopus tactics of the first mate.

They Hold Hands Instead

Things brighten up a bit, in spite of the hot breath of the Royal Navy close on their heels, after the two principals decide to hold hands instead of flinging insults at each other and Lana's character changes overnight from brassy over-confidence to helpful co-operation.

John Wayne is entirely convincing as the captain of the Ergenstrasse, handling his far-from-obedient crew with the sureness of complete authority; but Lyle Bettger is a very poor villain. He grimaces, rolls his eyes and clenches his teeth like a stock character from a Victorian melodrama, making it quite impossible to take him seriously.

David Farrar too is very stiff and wooden as the Royal Naval officer whose determination to capture the Ergenstrasse becomes an obsession. He never changes his expression whatever emotion he is supposed to be registering and his early promise seems to be petering out.

Lana Turner is her usual decorative self and is very kindly treated by the Warner-colour process. This is very pleasant entertainment.

'Beau' Granger Was Too Soft

Many liberties have been taken with history in the making of **"Beau Brummel"** so anyone who is a stickler for fact is forewarned.

For the rest, its colour is good and easy on the eyes, there are capable performances from Peter Ustinov and Robert Morley as the Prince Regent and King George III respectively, and the usual charmingly brash and grandiloquent gestures with which Stewart Granger punctuates his lines.

I was a little sorry for Elizabeth Taylor. She is as lovely as ever, but appeared to be wondering from time to time, what she was doing in the picture at all.

Beau Brummel is an officer in the Royal Hussars at the time the story opens and the Prince Regent is carrying out an inspection. The fat prince is decidedly uncomfortable and markedly bored. The fact that he doesn't bother to hide his lack of interest establishes his self-indulgent nature from the outset and it is this facet of his character upon which Beau Brummel plays to his own advantage.

Deliberately courting fame and notoriety with equal ardour, he feels certain that when his exploits come to the ears of the Prince he will be called to account for them and from there on he puts his faith in the power of his personality.

His scheme succeeds and he is soon established as the firm friend and favourite of the First Gentleman. Between this and their final quarrel, when Brummel leaves the Court to spend a poverty-stricken exile in France, there are ball scenes, in which the Regency costumes are shown to advantage, one or two pieces of really moving acting from Peter Ustinov and Robert Morley and a great deal of Stewart Granger.

He makes a very elegant and dashing Brummel but hardly gives us a man whose name would have lived for two centuries and I am afraid has made him a much softer, kinder-hearted fellow than the self-interested courtier could possibly have been, to have survived in that scheming, intrigue-ridden society.

In her small part as Mrs Fitzherbert, Rosemary Harris has done much better. She has managed to suggest some of the qualities that would have kept the pleasure-loving prince constant to one woman when his freedom of choice was unlimited.

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Living Desert". Walt Disney's dramatic portrayal of the grim struggle for existence in a desert wilderness, filmed in colour against beautiful scenery.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Beau Brummel". The rise and fall of the Prince of Wales' favourite. Stewart Granger, Peter Ustinov and Elizabeth Taylor.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Never Leave Me". A Chinese picture in Mandarin.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Sea Chase". The fabulous voyage of a German ship on the run for 20,000 miles. John Wayne, Lana Turner, Lyle Bettger and David Farrar.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Soldier of Fortune". The wife of a thrill-loving photographer comes to Hongkong to trace him and runs into a present day soldier of fortune. Clark Gable, Susan Hayward, Michael Rennie and Gene Barry.

COMING

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Destry". A western in which the hero tries to reform the worst town in the west without the help of a gun. Audie Murphy, Mari Blanchard and Thomas Mitchell.

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Jupiter's Darling". The emphasis is on spectacle, the director had his tongue in his cheek and there are pink elephants as well as Esther Williams and Howard Keel.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Camels West". A western. Rod Cameron, Joanne Dru and John Ireland.
"Tonight's the Night". What happens to an Irish village when the new owner turns out to be a cad of an Englishman. David Niven, Yvonne de Carlo and Barry Fitzgerald.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Marty". The story of two plain and ordinary people who fall in love. Ernest Borgnine in the best role of his career, with Betsy Blair.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Dark Avenger". Another name for the Black Prince. Errol Flynn and Joanne Dru.

Hongkong Is The Real Star

Hongkong is the real star of "Soldier of Fortune" and how photogenic and co-operative she is. I detected very little that was out of character or deliberately faked for dramatic effect in this adventure story.

This lovely island, its surroundings, its people, both ashore and afloat are such natural camera studies that very few synthetic touches must have been necessary after the location shots had been taken back to Hollywood for editing.

The De Luxe colour reproduces all the shades visible on a sunny day and it's only when it goes indoors that it tends to gild the lily.

Knowing that Susan Hayward never did get here for her part in the picture is a little disillusioning when you see her against a Hongkong background or pattering through the back-alleys of Macao, but perhaps it's expecting too much that the whole cast should have come to this dangerous colony on the outposts of civilisation!

With the splendid job done on the visual side and the amount of work obviously spent on getting the local atmosphere and details right, it's a pity that the story isn't more worthy of the treatment given it.

After three months of fruitless long-distance enquiries as to the whereabouts of her photographer husband, Susan Hayward comes out from the United States to Hongkong—the last place in which he has been seen.

An American Consular official accompanies her from the boat to her room in the Peninsula Hotel and on the way explains that neither her own nor the British Government have been able to help much because her impulsive husband had crossed the border into China without the formality of that very necessary thing—a visa.

Achieving The Impossible

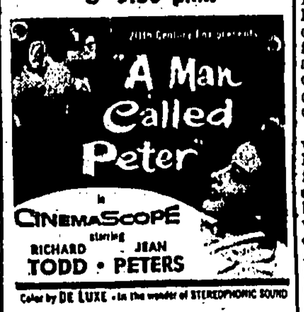
In the same way that Broderick Crawford, in spite of opposition, and because of his tireless persistence, obtained the release of his son, held by the Russians in "Night People", Susan Hayward gets in everybody's hair and finally wheedles Clark Gable into rescuing her husband for her.

That, however, is the only resemblance she bears to Broderick Crawford. He is an actor, she is a film star and although she looks very lovely (if you can keep your eyes off the dark parting in the auburn tresses) she unfortunately has only one way of playing every character she attempts to portray.

The case with which Clark Gable kidnaps a Hongkong policeman — Michael Rennie—and with a crew of one Chinese sails up the Pearl River to Canton, with no argument at all releases the imprisoned photographer and sails quietly back to Hongkong, is laughable. There are no repercussions, no Governmental enquiries, no diplomatic notes. This is a most glaring fault and makes even the suave Clark Gable look rather silly.

Majestic

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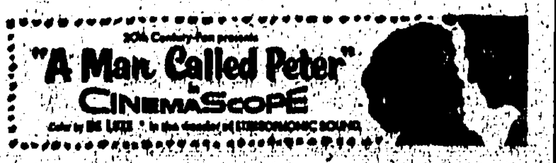
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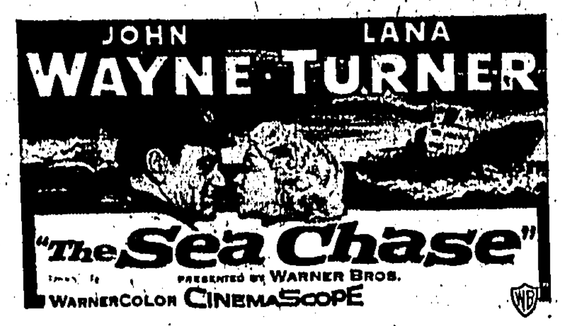
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

From London: *A Scientist Gives An Insight Into The Workings Of Homo Sapiens.*

From Madrid: *A Cold-Blooded Murder Puzzle Is Solved.*

From Paris: *A Nude Portrait Arouses A Lot Of Interest.*

From Berlin: *Skyscrapers Are Growing Up In The Western Zone.*

LATEST TV WONDERS

Zurich.

The bent-backed scientist with his eye glued to a microscope will soon be a thing of the past, according to a demonstration of industrial television equipment held here.

Instead, the modern researcher will pull up an easy chair in front of a television screen and watch what is going on with leisure and without eye-strain.

If he wants, he can also call in his assistants and let more than one pair of eyes see what is happening under the microscope and thus diminish the possibility of overlooking some essential factor.

This is only one of the many new possibilities opened by modern industrial television equipment utilising cameras only slightly larger than a normal amateur movie camera.

Banks can eliminate the costly duplication of records by centralising their accounts department and installing these cameras in their branch offices.

A cheque by a client is put beneath the magic eye and transmitted to the central office for checking the signature. If found correct and there are sufficient funds in the account, the cashier is informed by an optical signal and the cheque is honoured.

For Students

Industrial television equipment can also be used for vocational training or the training of medical students, who can sit around the TV screens in unlimited numbers and watch each stage of the operation without having to crowd round an operation table.

Other uses for industrial television are installing cameras in usually inaccessible spots and watching the performance of parts under testing or under conditions that would be dangerous to the observer.

Fascinating zoom lenses permitting the field of vision of the camera to be altered smoothly by the observers, as well as camera positioning by remote control, are other interesting refinements that go along with the latest types of industrial TV equipment.

Colour and three-dimensional TV—already far beyond the experimental stage—will increase the scope of possibilities. Taking pictures under water also presents no problems and the new cameras go down to depths of 2,500 feet, permitting the observation of marine life from a ship's cabin. One major feat of these under-water cameras was the discovery of wreckage of the ill-fated Comet which crashed off the Isle of Elba.—United Press.

BERLIN IS GROWING TALLER

Berlin.

West Berlin is growing taller. Hemmed in by an iron fence 100 miles deep in Russian territory, the city is reaching for the sky to grow.

By American standards they are not skyscrapers, but West Berlin is constructing new tall buildings.

The newest buildings are now as high as 17 storeys. Before the war the average Berlin building ran to five and six storeys.

A popular tourist spot in Berlin is the Funkturm—literally radio tower—the city's version of the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

The tower is 500 feet high, sways in the wind, and has an elevator that runs 450 feet up.

The elevator has carried 3,000,000 visitors in its 30 years of service and has travelled a distance equal to one-third of the way to the moon.—United Press.

Noisy Animals Warned

Berlin.

Noisy animals are getting it from all sides.

The U.S. Army has ruled that dogs in the American housing area in Darmstadt, in West Germany, will be given 30 hours to get out of the command if they "create a nuisance."

In Karlsruhe, a German administrative court sentenced a rooster owned by a street car conductor to death for disturbing the peace by crowing too early.—United Press.

THE SMALL PART YOU PLAYED IN....

Choosing Your Wife

By A Correspondent in London

So you think you picked your mate of your own free will, do you? Dr Maurice Burton doesn't want to disillusion you so I'll do it for him. You were merely the agency that put the choice into effect. A glorified puppet, so to speak.

Heredity, environment and other factors pulled the strings that started your heart racing, your pulse pounding and sprayed you with the scent of orange blossom.

"Oh it's not that bad," protests the gentle scientist despite the fact that he is a six-footer with big shoulders and a broken nose from a youthful fight. "Man is a reasoning animal and he has some margin of choice, you know."

"How much choice?"

"Er.... well, a percentage."

Freedom Of Choice

And under continued pressure Dr Burton concedes over a cup of coffee that his studies of animals tend to prove that man's freedom of choice is about five per cent in most matters of taste and probably less than that in matters of sex and love.

It works out like this: Ah, you say, but I love redheads, or men with curly hair, or tall girls, or fat men. Why do you say that (this is directed at both sexes, of course)? Your answer might be: Because that's the way I like them.

But in Dr Burton's view you didn't just make up your mind that was what you were going to like.

There were elements in your personality reacted to elements in her (or his) personality. You had very little to do with creating these elements—they were handed down from your ancestors or added on by your environment.

A Surprised Scientist

"There is very little free will in the world," said Dr Burton who is deputy keeper of the department of zoology at the Museum of Natural History and author of many fascinating works on animal behaviour.

"From my observations I'd say that from 90 to 95 per cent of our behaviour is intuitive. Our margin of choice is small in any case, and even smaller when the emotions are involved."

Dr Burton is always being surprised by evidence that animals sometimes also exercise freedom of choice against all known theories. There was the romance of a pedigreed cow who insisted on nuzzling over the fence with a poor but honest bull.

Every time she was mated to a pedigreed bull she threw her calf—and back she would come to try to get over the fence to her true love. Finally, says Dr Burton, the farmer gave up.

"If you want him, have him," he declared using words often uttered by fathers whose daughter refuse to marry the "right" man. And so they mated and she held every calf after that.

Know Too Little

"This might possibly happen more often if we gave domestic animals a chance," said Dr Burton, "but we won't. As for wild animals—we know too little about them."

On intuitive behaviour he likes to cite the case of a broody hen whose real eggs were removed and china eggs substituted. Then the farmer got some day-old chicks and put them down near the nest.

The poor hen nearly had a nervous breakdown torn between her impulse to brood and her impulse to react to the cheeping of the little chicks. Finally the pull of the chicks proved the stronger.

Stags Rushed In

In another wild life instance of apparent thought Dr Burton told of a deer who in the rutting season was carefully protecting his harem of hinds from some young wifeless stags. Suddenly one of the stags apparently picked for the job engaged the deer in battle. While this was going on the other stags rushed in and mated.

Back to humans Dr Burton remarked that he himself had always strongly fancied red-headed women. But his wife was a brunette.

"I must admit," he added thoughtfully, "that in some lights her hair has reddish glints. And our son...."

"Yes?"

"... is a redhead." — United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copr. 1955 by NEA Service, Inc. 6-6

"It's a swell movie tonight, Eddie, and if you start on the drums right now, Dad will get us there for the first show!"

A Nude Portrait Of Josiane

Marlon Brando Was Not Shocked: 'It's Art' He Said

Paris.

A full-length nude portrait of Marlon Brando's fiancee looked out recently on the busy Place de L'Opera, mecca for foreign tourists.

The painting was put up for sale in a department store window, and French newspapers were wondering: "Will Marlon buy it?"

The picture shows the American film star's 20-year-old girl friend, Josiane Mariani Berenger, reclining on a red divan. She is wearing only a red scarf tied around her head.

Once the undraped subject of the painting became known, large groups of curious onlookers formed in front of the store window in the bustling Boulevard des Italiens

Will He Buy It?

"Will Marlon Brando buy it?" asked the newspaper L'Aurore.

The journal noted that the son of the artist, Polish-born Moise Kissling, had expressed hope that Brando would buy the picture "despite its high price."

The price seemed adjusted to a movie star's wallet at 3,000,000 francs, (almost £3,000). Sale of the painting is part of a charity campaign to send poor children to summer camps.

The subject of the portrait, Josiane, is the daughter of a French fisherman in the village of Bandol. She enjoyed a meteoric rise to fame last October when Brando suddenly popped up in Bandol and courted her on his motorbike.

Became A Model

The petite exotic-looking brunette with shining eyes met Brando previously when she visited the United States. She made the trip, with the help of Kissling's wife, after she won a local beauty contest and became a model.

Following the highly-publicised courtship in Bandol, Marlon and Josiane departed for the United States. Just before they left, he said he hoped "the world will not wreck our love."

"This is not a one-night stand," he stressed when announcing his engagement.

The star of "On the Waterfront," his award-winning film, admitted last November that he had seen some of the naked pictures of his fiancee and admired them greatly.

"It's art," he said at the time. "Why should I be upset?"—United Press.

DEAD HIPPO WAS A BLUE BABY

Cincinnati.

An autopsy revealed today that a baby hippopotamus which died recently turned out to be the first blue baby hippo in medical annals.

Dr Byron Bernard, veterinarian of the Cincinnati Zoo, said the autopsy showed that the baby hippo died of heart defects exactly similar to those found in human blue babies.

Dr Bernard said that during the three days of the baby hippo's life, she was so weak she could not feed. However, no one knew why.

The heart of the baby hippo weighed 300 grams. A comparable human heart normally weighs 17 grams.—United Press.

Cold-blooded Murder In Madrid

Madrid.

One of Madrid's most cold-blooded murders in recent history was solved when a short bald 53-year-old rag dealer walked into a Madrid police station and confessed he cut his 30-year-old one-time girl friend's throat while he had his arm around her.

Claudio Diaz Royo, who confessed to the crime committed in the centre of Madrid in a crowded street, told police he had taken poison shortly before giving himself up, but he was later reported in no danger and made a full statement. He was placed under close arrest.

The first reports on the crime said the 30-year-old Irene Lopez Navarro slumped to the ground in the well-known Plaza de Santa Ana about 9.30 p.m. on Saturday with her throat slashed and bleeding freely from the jugular vein. She was rushed to the hospital but died shortly after being admitted.

It appeared that her attacker had slit her throat while she had apparently made no struggle. In the confusion that followed when she fell to the ground in a pool of blood the assailant was able to make a quick get-away.

Police enquiries led to the publication of "man wanted photos" showing Claudio Diaz. After two days on the run, he surrendered.

Friends of the victim said that she had recently refused to go out with Diaz, and it was believed jealousy might have been the motive for the attack. Other reports said it was possible the killer had meant only to slash the girl to scar her face. She was considered very pretty.

NOW THEY'VE MADE 'PNEUMATIC BRICKS'

New York.

A brand new building material which might revolutionise farming as well as community life was announced recently by the University of Illinois—"pneumatic bricks."

The "bricks," triangular plastic pillows, were used to build a demonstration dome three feet high and six feet in diameter. The structure weighed only 10 pounds, and could be folded into a suitcase.

Air at low pressure keeps the "bricks" firm. The University said they can be built into almost any arch-shaped structure and, because of their extremely light weight, offer almost limitless possibilities.

It was believed the US Air Force might be the first customer to use the "bricks" for emergency shelters for airmen who have to ditch their planes on land or sea. Larger domes could serve as barracks or hangars, to cover radar installations, or for shops.

In the non-military field it was said, the domes could cover entire fields, providing gigantic "greenhouses" which would enable farmers to grow several crops a year on the same acreage.

Whole communities could be covered to offer residents "weather conditioning" on a year-round basis, the University said.

The inventors were Professor Ambrose C. Richardson of the University's Architecture Department, and Air Force Major George W. McCauley. The University said, they had designed more than 100 million dollars' worth of more conventional structures. Major McCauley, on detached duty at the University, received his master's degree in architecture this month.

Originally, Professor Richardson had the idea of filling plastic pillows with helium and joining them in domes to provide floating covers of any size. Major McCauley developed the idea of shaping the plastic units as bricks, to make the structure self-supporting. As a veteran of World War II and Korea, he knew the value of lightweight, quickly-inflated cover.—United Press.

A NEW PROBLEM IN FILMING "1984"

London.

The interesting task of turning George Orwell's "1984" into a motion picture became even more interesting recently when Jan Sterling discovered she had miscalculated the date on which she expects to become a mother.

The blonde beauty, on sound advice, was preparing for the arrival of Adams Douglas (that's its name, boy or girl) in November when suddenly she was made to realise that the date must be wrong.

"Now," she said, "the new date is the end of September or early in October and if anything happens to delay this film they'll have to shoot me all in close-ups, head and shoulders only. And I won't mind that at all."

The off-screen wife of actor Paul Douglas said an alternative suggestion was that she speak her lines over her shoulder, back to camera.

"End printable suggestions," she laughed, as happy a mother-to-be as one could hope to see even though on her arm there was a brassard inscribed: "Anti-sex League."

There is an air of excitement around Columbia pictures studios where Orwell's grim classic of life under a dictatorship is nearing the screen. This may be due to the fact that for the first time a movie company has the benefit of nation-wide television performances on both sides of the Atlantic.

Love Interest

"We know exactly how Europeans as well as Americans reacted to what they saw on their screens," said producer Mr N. Peter Rathvon, "and this has enabled us to concentrate on the impact of the story. For one thing we have discovered that the love interest is more important than might have been guessed from the book alone."

He spoke on a set representing a cafeteria for "proles" — workers. All-seeing television "eyes" scanned the cafeteria for in Oceania no one is ever safe from the "Thought Police."

O'Brien plays "Winston Smith" who revolts against the totalitarian regime. Miss Sterling is "Julia" his girl friend. Their doomed love story begins in this cafeteria over bowls of soup while at the next table a girl is explaining the aims of the "Anti-sex League."

"I almost choked on my soup," Miss Sterling confided later.—United Press.

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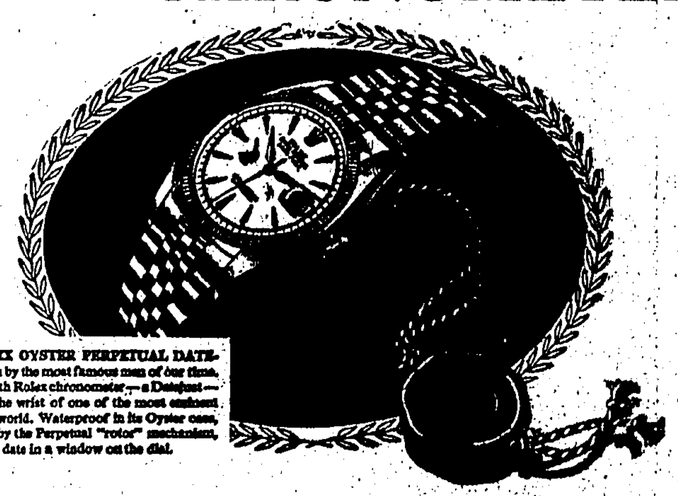


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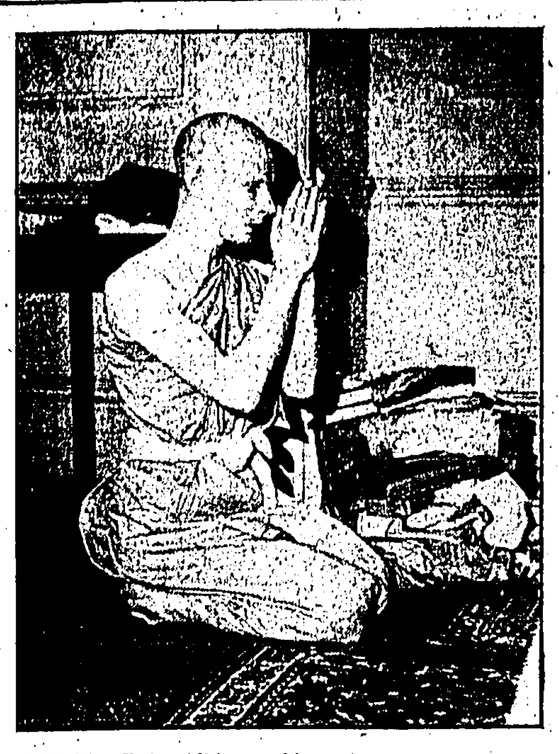
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Facts & Figures —

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Year after year, Rolex have produced more Officially Certified Chronometers than any other manufacturer. Altogether, Rolex have obtained Three out of Four of all Official Timing Certificates ever awarded to Wrist-Watches.

ROLEX
A landmark in the history of Time measurement



TAILOR Bob Albison, 24, got a new name—Saddhavaddho—when he was received as a novice Buddhist monk at the Buddhist Temple in London recently. His new name means "he who spreads and increases confidence within himself." (Express)



PERSEVERANCE triumphed in the case of Bryan Pringle, who is seen receiving the Bancroft Gold Medal from the Queen Mother at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. The medal is the Academy's highest award. Pringle has had three operations for an injured leg. (Express)



BLOTS. That's what is making a fortune for artist Paul Kallos, who has been launched into Mayfair society with his new art sensation. Asked to explain what his pictures meant, he said: "If I could explain I might as well write instead of paint." (Express)



PHOTOGRAPHERS call 23-year-old Yana (real name Pamela Guard) the girl with the 4-D face. They say she has an aura which shines through and gives her something more than her three-dimensional appeal. She is now a British television favourite. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



RICHARD PAPE, author and man of action, pictured before he left England for Norway to drive from Cape North to Cape Town, South Africa. He is being accompanied by Norwegian photographer Gunnar Melle. They expect to leave at the end of this month. They are after non-stop, speed and distance records. (Express)



MRS Doris Summerfield is a 15,000-mile wife. That is the distance she has travelled following her husband, a Petty Officer in the Royal Australian Navy. She has travelled in commercial liners wherever her husband's ship, the frigate Queenborough, has taken him. In Ceylon they had two hours together. The next time it was at Portsmouth, where they posed for this photo. (Express)



PATRICK GUINNESS, 24-year-old heir to a banking fortune, and his stepsister fiancee, the 19-year-old Countess Dolores von Furstenburg. The Countess's father is the Graf von Furstenburg, and her mother is now the wife of her finance's father, Mr Loel Guinness. Place and date of wedding? "Nothing has been fixed." (Express)



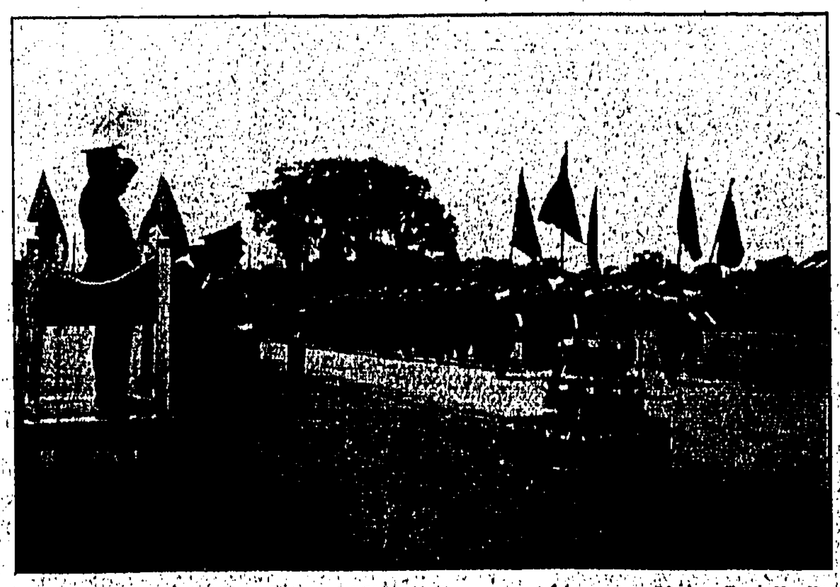
LEFT: Socialist M. P. Bessie Braddock with actress Marlene Dietrich, who is now appearing in a London night club. Mrs Braddock said she thoroughly enjoyed Marlene's show, and has invited the actress to her house for lunch "as a reciprocal gesture." (Express)



A gym teacher and her student hung a "Just Married" sign on their car and left for their honeymoon in Southern England. For her love of 17-year-old Norman Burcumshaw, 23-year-old Celia Timmins gave up her post at the school where she was teaching. The couple at first ran away to Scotland. Later they were married near the bride's home in Derbyshire. (Express)



A fortune in Spanish gold lying at the bottom of Cardigan Bay, on the coast of Wales, is the goal of these three treasure hunters, shown relaxing between dips in the Bay. Leading treasure hunter is Roy Midwinter (left), and doing the diving are Tony Wade and David Wyse. They are searching the seabed for the schooner Santa Cruz, which was wrecked 140 years ago with a fortune estimated at £12,000,000. (Express)



VETERANS of the Royal Army Medical Corps marching past Major-Gen. R. D. Cameron, Representative Colonel Commandant, at the ceremony where the first Victoria Cross and Bar ever to be won by one man in the British Army were presented to the Corps. The distinctions were won by Lt-Col Arthur Martin-Leake, a Hertfordshire doctor who died at the age of 79 two years ago. He willed his medals and decorations to his old Corps. (Army News)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

AT PRADES THEY HONOUR CASALS

By GERARD BOURKE

THE villagers at Prades, a colourful community nestling amid the olive groves of the eastern slopes of the French Pyrenees, are alert this month. Visitors from distant countries have arrived for the annual music festival to honour the great 'cellist, Pablo Casals, now living there in voluntary exile.

'It is ten years since he announced his steadfast intention of not playing again in countries recognising the Franco regime in Spain. Since then Casals has chosen to live among the 4,000 inhabitants of this charming village, who call him 'the master.'

Sometimes Casals will travel to neutral Andorra, the arid country high in the Pyrenees, to meet friends coming from Spain, the country he will no longer enter. Free, he exerts a powerful influence on behalf of his beloved Catalans, especially those living at Vendrell, south of Barcelona, where he was born in 1876. For they still regard him almost as their patron saint.

Casals first learned to play both the organ and piano, taught by his father. When he tried the violin, his brothers and sisters teased him for playing with his eyes closed, and a serene expression. Today he does the same when he enthralls international critics.

MUCH IN DEMAND

As with most peasant communities, folk music was much in demand, and young Pablo wrote simple sardanas and other Catalan dances for his friends. Later the national Spanish composer, Albeniz, was surprised to find a cafe orchestra in Barcelona possessing so indisputably gifted a musician as Casals. "Pablo transforms a cafe into a concert hall, and a concert hall into a temple," it has been said.

During a search for worthwhile music for his band, Casals first came across unaccompanied 'cello suites by Bach; yet such high standards does he adopt, that he did not presume to play this great music in public for another 10 years, though admiring it intensely. "After Bach, it is Mozart I like most," he admits, and still begins each day by playing Bach at the piano.

His parents were poor, and had ten other children to look after, so, but for an allowance given to their young musician by a secretary to King Alfonsa XII, his advance might have been slow indeed. With it, he went to Brussels and then to Paris to study, but was soon drawn again to Catalonia. It was then that Queen Cristina invited him to play at court, and gave him a valuable sapphire now mounted on his bow.

In 1901, he made his formal debut at the Lamoureux concerts in Paris, and three years later played in New York—after the promotor had audaciously suggested that he should cover his already balding head with a wig, to appear more musical! But he certainly did not require such tricks to display his great musicianship.

INTER-WAR YEARS

During the inter-war years, he built up the renowned Pablo Casals' orchestra, though even now few people realise, until they go to the Prades Festival, his dual capacity as 'cellist or conductor. "I enjoy rehearsals even more than conducting the orchestra in public," he says, pointing out that he likes to work in close contact with fellow musicians.

On recordings, Casals has an indestructible position as a member of the famous trio with pianist, Alfred Cortot, and violinist, Jacques Thibaud. Elderly concert-goers recall with pride hearing Casals give recitals with Paderewski. But when a young man Casals knew pleasures other than in music: "Now six sets of tennis, then two Brahms' sextets," he would suggest.

CIVIL WAR

Casals happened to be conducting Beethoven's paean to liberty, the Ninth Symphony, when civil war was officially declared. "I have just received news from the minister," he called from the rostrum, giving the dramatic first reports. He has since vowed to conduct the same work when he can return freely to Spain. Meanwhile streets named after him in Spain have been renamed, and much of his property there has been seized.

When he announced his intention of going into exile in 1945, he refused honorary degrees from Oxford and Cambridge, as well as an offer to name his own fee for a series of concerts in America. Musicians beseeched him to place politics apart from music, but he was adamant. Resigned to their loss, they sent him greetings on his 70th birthday when his pupil, Sir John Barbirolli, led 90 cellists in a special concert broadcast by the BBC.

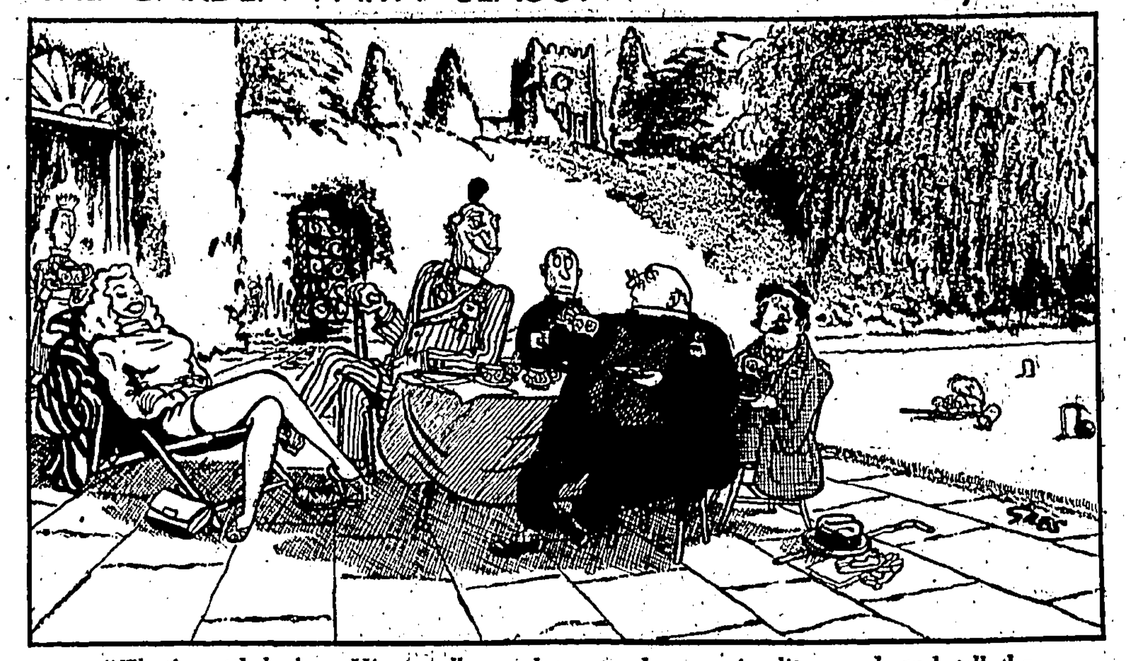
Five years ago, Casals honoured the bicentenary of Bach's death by arranging the first Prades festival. Musicians attended from all countries except Spain—officially at any rate—where passports that summer were stamped "Going to Prades is forbidden between June 2-20."

Famous players join the 30-piece Prades festival orchestra at low fees. "Without looking at him you feel all his intentions. We understand each other like an old happily married couple," commented the distinguished violinist Rudolf Serkin, after being conducted by Casals. When asked whether he has surrendered his Spanish passport, Casals hissed "It is my country. Let Franco give up his passport!"

A FEW PUPILS

Between the summer festivals, Casals teaches a few pupils. "I play with all my best effort during lessons. This is the only way. Words are not enough. I do not believe in teachers who can only talk," he has observed. He also uses the peace he finds there for composing, and has recently written an oratorio. Finally, he believes that his exile draws attention to a political ideology with which he himself cannot agree.

THE GARDEN PARTY SEASON — by GILES



"That's settled then, Vicar—all you have to do now is slip round and tell the Lady Dowager that little Miss Whatsit's going to open the fete instead of her."

London Express Service



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MURDER WAS THEIR BUSINESS

JACK RAMSAY tells another of the world's strangest stories

"Up the close and down the stair,
But-and-ben with Burke and Hare,
Burke's the butcher, Hare's the thief,
Knox the boy who buys the beef."

THUS, behind heavy shutters, did Edinburgh mock the vile horror that stalked her dark closes and wynds 127 years ago. Mothers clutched their children to their skirts and men who walked alone by night blanched at every sound from the shadows.

It preyed upon the living and upon the dead also. For this was the heyday of the Resurrectionists those ungodly rogues who traded in corpses with the anatomists at Surgeons' Square to keep their black marble dissecting slabs well supplied with "subjects."

To do this the coffins of the newly-dead were plundered—and old people and beggars disappeared without trace in the warrens of the Old Town.

Midnight vigils were spent with chattering teeth and guttering candles by the grave-sides of loved ones recently passed away. And the graves themselves, for protection, were imprisoned in cages of "black, purgatorial rails." But despite it shadowy figures were too often seen emerging from the gloom of trees bent beneath their ghoulish load.

No Questions

It was £10 a body and no questions asked. Thus did medical science ensure its own advance in face of strict legislation which permitted only the bodies of suicides and murderers for dissection.

For William Burke and William Hare it provided a royal road to riches. It made them, in the end, leading players in the grisly drama that reached its climax on the Christmas morning of 1828.

Burke and Helen M'Dougal, a woman of no virtue and two husbands still alive, were paying guests at a squalid lodging house run by Hare and his wife in Tanner's Close in the West Port. Living in a constant state of drunken stupor they made a desperate, depraved foursome.

Burke, an Irish emigre, was smooth, crafty, so-called religious. He had brains and, occasionally, faint pangs of conscience. Like Macbeth, his majestic archetype, his dreams were filled with terror.

Hare, also an emigre, was bestial and callous, "his dull, dead blackish eyes wide apart, one rather higher up than the other." No finer feelings ever called him to heel.

As for the two women they had none of the female graces: skinny, wizened, vicious, the dregs of their kind.

To this wretched lodging-house therefore and to those wretched people came Donald, an old Army pensioner, quickly to die of



William Hare

drink and neglect, leaving Hare a debt of £4 in rent. To make good this loss Hare hit on the plan of selling the body to "the doctors". He informed Burke—and the diabolical partnership was formed.

Dr Robert Knox, brilliant, one-eyed surgeon, descendant of the great Reformer and sinister, silent figure behind these scenes, paid a high price for the body and made it known through his assistants that he would be glad to see them again if they had another to dispose of.

The partners were willing. Chance had given them old Donald, but vile intent would provide their future victims. Murder was easier than grave-stealing.

In nine months they achieved a total of 16 killings. When this monstrous catalogue of crime was revealed in court all Edinburgh shuddered.

Their method was simple. Either Burke or Hare would go roaming the drinking-dens in which the town abounded, seeking a likely subject. When found, he was invited home, soused with liquor, then smothered. The body was then stripped and, under cover of darkness, carted to Surgeons' Square, and payment received.

In this way Burke, on one occasion, picked up in the High Street an old Irish-woman and her dumb grandson, who had come from Glasgow to seek friends in the capital. The old soul was soon rendered senseless with whisky, then murdered in the back room. The partners at first planned to abandon the boy in the streets, but changed their minds. Next day, while Hare was out, Burke took the frightened child to where his grandmother lay dead, lifting him on to his knee, broke his back.

Well Known

This scene of indescribable horror, said the hypocrite Burke afterwards, lay most heavily on his heart.

The customary tea-chest being too small for the double load, the bodies were forced into an old herring-barrel. At Knox's rooms "the students had had work," said Burke, "to get them (the bodies) out, being so stiff and cold. We received £16 for them both."

With the success and ease of these operations the partners gave up all pretence of working. Drink became unlimited, they dressed better. The neighbours were told of a legacy.

The murders of Mary Peterson and Daft Jamie, to name but two more, were equally gruesome affairs. Only they carried with them incriminating factors for Knox and his fervent disciples.

Mary and Jamie were well-known characters in the town—Mary with her comely beauty which so often in the past she had shared with those same students who now stared down at her lifeless body on the slab—and Jamie, the simple-minded, harmless, kneeknecked youth whom everyone liked.



Burke and M'Dougal at the Bar. From a drawing made in Court.

How could Knox and his followers profess innocence of what was going on before those two figures whom all recognised? How could they fail to have doubts as to where the plentiful supply of unburied bodies came from? Yet they apparently did. Nothing was said, either then or at the trial, despite public outcry and violent tirades in the Press.

It is worth noting that as soon as the hue and cry arose for the missing Jamie his remains were quickly rendered unrecognisable.

When a Mrs Gray lifted aside some straw on the bed in Burke's room and discovered there the unclothed body of an old woman the partnership entered its last bitter phase. The police were called in, and all four (Burke, M'Dougal and the two Hares) were arrested and put on trial for murder.

But in the strange lack of conclusive evidence Hare was prevailed upon to become King's witness. His wife was also spared as he could not bear evidence against her. She, by the way, had appeared in dock with an infant in the throes of whooping cough in her arms.

A Signpost

On the Christmas morning of 1828, before a packed and shivering court-room, the jury found Burke guilty of murder and the charge against M'Dougal "not proven." On hearing this verdict, Burke turned to her and said: "Well, thank God you're safe."

Before a frenzied crowd of 25,000, who felt themselves cheated of a victim, Burke was hanged in the High Street on Wednesday, January 28, 1829. On the following Friday his body was taken to the college and placed in the anatomical theatre, where a continuous stream of sightseers passed through at the rate of 60 a minute, from 10 o'clock in the morning till dusk.

After this Burke was dissected, salted and put into barrels for the purpose of future lectures. And his name passed into common English usage.

His short, thick-set skeleton stands today in a show case at the Anatomical Museum of Edinburgh, the pride of the collection. It is, in a sense, a signpost of history—for with Burke died the Resurrectionist system. The Anatomy Act of 1832 ensured for medicine the means of research on a more reasonable and ethical basis.

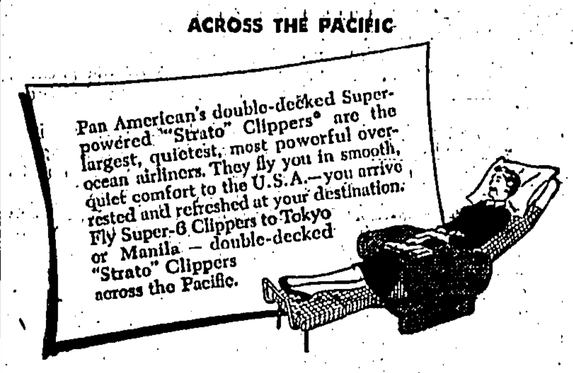
Hare, the object of public outcry, was released in February, and survived the partner he so readily betrayed by over 40 years. Though saved from the gallows, vengeance followed after. Recognised by fellow-workmen he was flung into quicklime and blinded.

His last days were spent as a sightless beggar in London; for a time he was one of the less auspicious sights on the north side of Oxford Street and, from a safe distance, was pointed out to children by their fearful nannies.

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WINGATE APPEALS to the KING

Home in disgrace, he takes a taxi to Buckingham Palace and asks George VI to clear his record

by LEONARD MOSLEY

WINGATE'S career hovered on the edge of disaster after his return from Palestine.

He had some influential friends in London. General Wavell welcomed him back, and he was taken to a party at which he had his first meeting with Churchill; though neither afterwards recalled what they said to each other.

But the reports on Wingate from Palestine were black.

It is the admirable rule of the Army that an officer never sees his personal record if it is good; but if a superior officer makes adverse comments about him he must see them and sign that he has seen them.

General Haining's comments on Wingate's conduct and activities in Palestine were therefore forwarded to him with the request that he read and acknowledge them.

He sent the report back to Jerusalem unsigned. It was returned to him with a curt request that he should do so without further delay.

His reply was to send a note to the Army Council asking for a hearing. The report described him as "untrustworthy" and "a security risk."

JUSTIFIED?

HE maintained that these words were damaging to his Army career, as, indeed, they were, and should be stricken from his record. The Army Council was convened and Major Wingate appeared before them, and proceeded to address them. At the end of it he was politely told that, while the Army Council appreciated his eloquence, they had also studied the facts; and like the Army Authorities in Palestine, they too agreed that he had been prone to put the interests of the Jews before those of his own people. They considered the condemnation of his actions to be no more than justified.

"I shall appeal against your decision," said Wingate. It was firmly pointed out to him that, so far as he was concerned, this was the court of appeal. The Army Council was the arbiter of his career, his record and his future.

"Gentlemen, you do not even know your own regulations," retorted Wingate. "Do I need to remind you that every officer in H.M. Forces has the privilege and right to appeal to his Majesty himself when his honour is at stake. I shall take my case to the King."

He did so. He went out into Whitehall and took a taxi to Buckingham Palace, where he wrote a note, attached it to his record, and sent it up to King George VI. He then waited for two hours until a messenger came and told him that the King had read his letter and would take what action he considered to be appropriate, after which Wingate went home. (The adverse comments were subsequently toned down to make it clear that Wingate was "disloyal" only in Palestine; though whether the King had anything to do with this is a matter of conjecture.)

It was 1939 and the breath of an approaching war was on the necks of everybody in Britain. Wingate was pushed out to an anti-aircraft unit outside London.

All through the first weeks of war Wingate fretted beside the guns and itched to get into the fight. He was frequently in London at parties where senior officers were present. Once more he met Churchill; and this time each remembered more of the encounter.

Wingate told Churchill how he would fight the battle of France if he were a German commander, and it was a rough forecast of what was subsequently to happen.

Meanwhile Wingate was still busy working, beaverishly, at his dedicated task of helping the Jews.

Shortly after the miracle of Dunkirk he met the Jewish Labour leader Ben-Gurion, and asked him to turn the screws on the British. "You can get a Jewish State out of this situation," he said. "It is up to you. All you need to do is play your cards wisely."

CHURCHILL'S NOTE

BEN-GURION refused to embarrass the British. They had met secretly in a car on Hampstead Heath because Wingate had been ordered to keep away from Jewish politicians. He stared at Ben-Gurion in disgust, and then said: "You are a traitor to your country and your people."

Ben-Gurion got out of the car and walked back alone across the heath to the house where he was staying.

It was shortly after this that Churchill remembered Wingate, and sent a note to the War Office saying: "What about this man Wingate? It should not be impossible to find him a job where his talents could be used to help us win the war."

And now begins a mystery. The mystery of the Churchill Letter.

Orde Wingate, after spending some time with an anti-aircraft battalion outside London, suddenly received orders to proceed to Cairo and to report to General Wavell, now C.-in-C. Middle East Command.



THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

HAILE SELASSIE—the emperor Wingate restored to his throne. First Wingate rehearsed how many times he would bow. When the bowing was done he said firmly: "You must take your part in the Liberation of Ethiopia."

Did Wingate bring a letter from Churchill with him to Cairo saying: "The bearer of this letter must be given all possible aid, and has permission to refer to me if it is not forthcoming"? Every senior officer on Middle East Command's staff believed that Wingate had such a letter, and, in an area where soldiers of the rank of major were four for a piastre, treated Major Wingate with great respect and attention in consequence.

Yet I can find no evidence that any officer in Cairo, or anywhere else, for that matter, ever saw such a letter, or that one was ever written. It was Wingate's imaginary carrot for dangling under the noses of ambitious and hopeful senior members of the staff, and it had as much effect on their attitudes and appetites as if the vegetable had been real.

THE COMMAND

AT any rate, the newly-arrived Major Orde Wingate was treated with a respect normally forthcoming only for generals, admirals and air-marshals. I wonder how Cairo's brass hats would have behaved had they known that there was one letter in Wingate's kit, signed by a high member of the Army. It said:

"You are going on a Mission to the Middle East. Under no circumstances, while you are in this area, will you visit Palestine. In case you should attempt to do so as a civilian, you will note that your passport has been endorsed: 'The bearer of this passport should not be allowed to enter Palestine.'"

Meanwhile, Wingate found himself involved with Ethiopia. This East African Empire was occupied by the Italians, who had (in 1935) driven Emperor Haile Selassie, the Lion of Judah, from his throne. Wingate learned from General Wavell that his job in the Middle East would be to reconquer this enormous chunk of East Africa and restore it to the control of its rightful ruler.

THE AIM

THIS did not make him immediately rush towards Ethiopia. He had patrolled its frontiers as a young Sudan officer, and did not seem anxious to get there again.

Instead, he stayed at the flat of a friend, Captain (later Lieut.-Colonel) Simonds in Gezirah, Cairo, where his routine alternated between reading files about Ethiopia and long bouts of sleep. "He never reported into headquarters," says Simonds, "but just pushed in when he felt like it. For 48 hours he would work like a dog, and for 24 hours he would go to sleep, never answer a phone, never reply to a question."

But perhaps the Semitic implications of the Ethiopian problem were not without their effect upon Wingate. Suddenly he became interested in the Lion of Judah. Suddenly he asked permission to do more than Wavell had asked him: "I will personally," he said, "put the Emperor of Abyssinia back on his throne."

It was a choice dramatic remark to make. It aroused both sneers and antagonisms.

IGNORED

THE Emperor had already reached Khartoum in July, before Wingate arrived in the Middle East.

Haile Selassie had practically had to fight his way into the Sudan. The majority of British officials there neither loved the Emperor nor the Ethiopians. They had always believed (in spite of the British public and the League of Nations) that the conquest and development of Ethiopia by the Italians was a good thing.

The Emperor, installed in a villa on the banks of the Nile, was practically ignored except by a few admirers and minor officials.

And then, in October, Wingate arrived.

He rehearsed how many times he should bow to an Emperor, and then went quickly to make his obeisances to Haile Selassie. He said to him: "Fifty-two nations let you down in 1935. That act of aggression led to the war. It shall be the first to be avenged. We offer you freedom and an equal place among the nations. But what sort of place will it be if you have no share in your liberation? You must take your part."

A PROVERB

THE Emperor looked at him cynically and replied: "What part can I play? Nothing is being done. They have even prevented my escaped troops from coming here from Kenya because the Kenya Government says they escaped from Ethiopia, are therefore deserters, and by rules of war can only be retained to work on Kenya roads. I am being used as a pawn."

Wingate said perhaps more firmly than he felt: "You will play your part. I remind you of an ancient proverb: 'If I am not for myself, who will be with me?' You must trust to the justice of your cause."

Haile Selassie smiled: "Yes, Major Wingate. But can I also trust to the justice of your superiors?"

"You have my word upon it," said Wingate.

The men who clashed with the stormy hero



Jewish leader Ben-Gurion and General Sir William Platt.

Wingate appalled everybody in G.H.Q., Khartoum (with the exception of the C.-in-C., General Sir William Platt) by asking, almost as soon as he arrived: "When do we go out and kill the enemy? When do we defeat the Italians?"

The Forces in the Sudan were an immaculate corps d'elite designed to keep order in the country and keep peace along the frontiers rather than attack. They were spruce and efficient and non-aggressive. They took one look at Wingate and smirked with derision and disbelief.

A SIGHT

FOR against the immaculate background of White Sudan, he deliberately looked a sight. His shorts were too long and flapped around his knees. His bush-shirt was ill-fitting and marked with pocks of grease and dirt. He wore an old-fashioned solar-topee, whereas everyone else, including the modern Sudani, wore the smart, streamlined Bombay bowler. He carried a fly-whisk over his wrist (an infuriating gesture in a country which prided itself on its absence of flies), and dangled a blue alarm clock from the small finger of his left hand.

What particularly infuriated the British in the Sudan was Wingate's incredible rudeness. He cared neither for rank nor job, but swung at everyone within reach. He called General Platt "a nitwit. They are all nitwits." He snorted at the Sudan civil servants: "Treating the native populace as if they were tame apes. So conscious of their own virtues. So incompetent."

The rumour of the legendary Churchill letter had already preceded Wingate, and no one dared be rude to him. He certainly did not reciprocate. On one occasion he called a meeting of the officers who had been seconded to him for the Ethiopian operations.

"I know why you are here," he said. "You want to get away from the dangers of front-line warfare, so you have volunteered for this job in the belief that you will save your skins. I don't know what I am going to do with you. I asked for the best young officers in the army—and what they have given me are escapists and make-weights."

'A BULLFROG'

AND so the Ethiopian campaign, which put the Emperor, the Lion of Judah, back on his throne in Addis Ababa, began. Of that campaign Wingate later said: "Between ourselves, my effort in Burma was of far less importance and value to humanity, as I judge it, The affair in Burma has blown me up like a bullfrog and I am trying to get rid of some of the wind before somebody pricks me. Yet Abyssinia, where I achieved much, left me insecure and with a damaged reputation."

It was almost a swashbuckling campaign, full of heroism and endurance, and scarred also by great administrative blundering and neglect. How much of the blunders and neglect were deliberate the record will decide.

To take Haile Selassie back to his capital Wingate used with the native troops 50 British officers and 20 British other ranks. Of some of them he used very harsh words.

One officer lost him half his troops by camping for the night in what Wingate called "the worst defensive position in history."

Two sergeants found the lack of normal food, cigarettes and letters so trying that they tried to desert to the enemy, Wingate's second-in-command opened fire at them as they ran across no man's land and forced them back.

Some of Wingate's white officers and men were not so much incompetent as outlandish. There were, for instance, the five Australians. These men, four sergeants and a lieutenant, had arrived in the Middle East with the Australian Division during the period of the phoney war. They were all civilians who resented being called into the Army, especially when they had nothing to do.

Then they went on a trip to Jerusalem and met some Ethiopian refugees (Haile Selassie was in exile there for a time) and learned about the Italian invasion of Ethiopia.

For the first time the fight for the freedom of small nations made sense of these tough but gallant men; and when they got back to Cairo they sat down and wrote a letter to G.H.Q., volunteering for service in Ethiopia "if and when you decide to liberate this small but brave country."

THE QUINTET

THE letter went into the files at G.H.Q. to moulder away, forgotten, until Wingate arrived, and one day he stumbled on it while reading data about Ethiopia. He immediately sent for the five Australians, and had them transferred to the Sudan and thence to Ethiopia. "You shall be my first volunteers," he told them.

They were a remarkable quintet. One was a millionaire sheep farmer whose legs were so bowed from a lifetime on horseback that he could not walk, and was always given first priority when mounts were scarce in Ethiopia. Another was an ex-full back of the Australian rugger team.

The others were bank clerks or planters, and all were a rough crew. They were hard to control, and sometimes ran amok, machine-gunning elephants and giraffes in the areas through which they were passing, dynamiting fish in the river. But when Wingate was around their discipline was perfect. They never neglected to call him Sir.

Another curious character attached to Wingate was a Jew from Haifa named Akavia. He had once been secretary and interpreter to Wingate when he ran the school to train the Jewish secret army in Palestine in 1939. When Wingate arrived in 1940 he sent a wire asking Akavia to join him.

The Jewish secret army gave him permission to go. With the help of a famous British soldier in the Middle East, Brigadier Clayton, he was sent across three frontiers and presented to Wingate. He went everywhere with Wingate thereafter.

TRIUMPH

HE was a civilian and a Palestinian subject, and was never recognised by the Army; yet he went through the whole of the Ethiopian campaign, led troops into battle, acted as Wingate's secret clerk, and looked after his codes and signals; and was third in the procession, behind Wingate, when Haile Selassie rode in triumph into Addis Ababa.

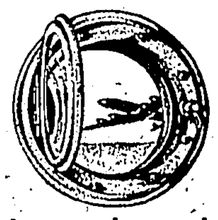
With these men, on January 20, 1941, Orde Wingate took the Emperor of Ethiopia back into his kingdom.

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NEXT WEEK:

Wingate tries suicide

Reliability...

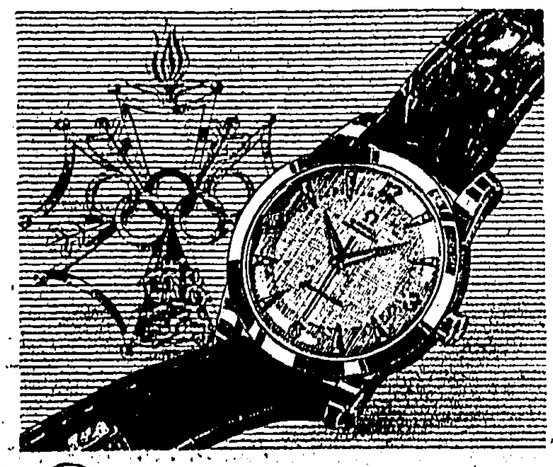


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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN — By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



I'll do the same for you . . . one day!

DID IT HAPPEN?

● It could be FACT and it could be FICTION . . . the problem is yours to decide. Did this story really happen? The answer will appear on Monday.

A CURIOUS aspect of being brought up in a small town is that one develops an unconventional social outlook. By everyday standards, even under the come-day-go-day ethics of the twentieth century, "Smut" Cleary was a waster, a ne'er-do-well, and no fit familiar for growing boys, yet, back home, every boy in town was on affectionate terms with him.

Smut was about 10 years my senior, and the thing I most remember about him in those days was his blue jowls. Had he moved in a circle that favoured smooth chins, he would have been obliged to shave at least twice a day. As it was, he used a razor but three times a week, and his dark, gleaming stubble always put me in mind of Long John Silver's description of Captain Flint.

Hot on his trail

I never recall Smut following any other regular occupation than that of poacher, and so I wasn't surprised, an hour before dawn on a frosty morning in 1934, to see him urgently flagging me from the edge of a coppice near Monk's Cross.

Monk's Woods were leased to Mr Crawley, a "foreigner" from Birmingham, and I guessed, rightly, as it happened, that his minions were hot on Smut's trail. The bulge in Smut's haversack, as he vaulted into the back of my tourer Austin Seven, told me they had every reason to be.

It was indeed lucky for Smut on that occasion that the Daily Express, with its characteristic hustle, had coaxed me out of bed in order to run over to Bletchford Bay for a story and pictures of a landslide. As we began to build up a steady 35 miles an hour two keepers plunged out of the coppice and danced about the highway, bellowing and fist-shaking.

We got away with it on that occasion. I dropped Smut outside his cottage, on the outskirts of the town, and when I firmly refused his offer of one of the pheasants, he grinned his toothless grin and said: "No fee? Okay, I'll do the same for you one day!"

Ten years later

Ten years rolled away and people whistled "Pass the Ammunition" instead of "Little Man You've had a Busy Day." The next part of the story is set in a Normandy town, marked on the map as "Chapelle - ie - Something." There are so many Chapelles in Northwestern France that I can remember no more than that.

The infantry colonel, to whom I reported as a roving RAF Public Relations Officer, was openly sceptical of my mission. He was a regular and had never become reconciled to the modern necessity of sharing a war with the public.

"You say A.M. sent you to interview some people who helped your types get away?" he grunted. "Well, suppose they did, can't it wait a day?"

"Got to go where I'm told, sir," I replied, probing his soft spot.

"Naturally!" he snapped, rather too bleakly I felt, "but you'll have to foot it!"

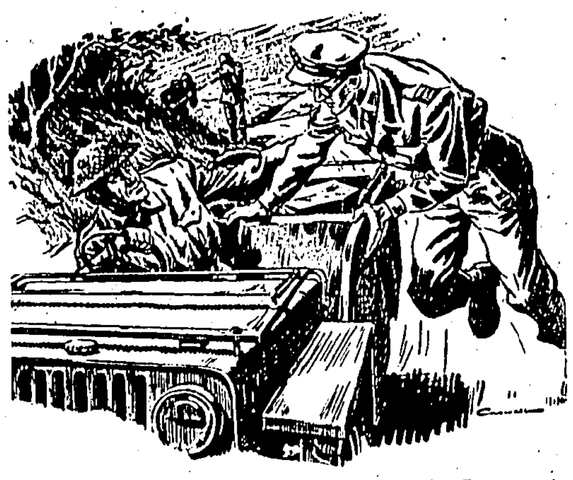
The Wehrmacht

I got general directions and began footing it. My destination was a small village about six kilometres to the southeast and could be reached, I was told, by crossing the main road and threading my way through a wood that grew both sides of a rounded hill.

At that time the papers had got it right—it really was a war of movement. No one seemed quite sure who was where and where was what but, apart from some intermittent firing over on my left, the walk was very pastoral until I arrived at the edge of the trees, on the far side of the hill.

Here I was brought up short by the creak of heavy transport. The passage of traffic didn't register until I almost walked straight out in front of a German six-wheeler, towing an anti-aircraft gun.

My luck was right in that morning. The driver was lighting a cigarette and missed me. I managed to grovel in the bushes before four other enemy lorries swung round the bend. The hamlet, it seemed, was a collecting point for the Wehrmacht.



The slowdown, my jump aboard and our takeoff occupied about four seconds.

Small-arms

It seemed to me that the best thing to do was to lie in the bushes until—if ever — the colonel and his neat soldiers pushed forward and winkled me out. This I should certainly have done if I had been allowed to, but I wasn't, for within five minutes I heard small-arms fire on the crest of the hill behind me.

Wriggling round in a half-circle I saw German troops dashing about in the widely spaced trees near the top, and obviously retreating down the path I had trodden. How I missed them or they me is still on the open file. Perhaps they had approached suddenly from the valley on the immediate right, through which ran a third-class unsurfaced road, joining up with the main road about 10 yards from where I crouched.

Their presence muddled my wishful thinking. Up to the moment of seeing them, I had been praying for our side to advance, and quickly. Now, I reasoned, it would be rather safer for Jerry to advance before he walked over me on the way back to his lorries. This wasn't the sort of war I was used to, being altogether too like war in the story books. I realised, after swallowing once or twice, that these were the first German soldiers I had ever seen if you overlooked all those "Walls Have Ears" security posters on the Air Ministry walls.

At that moment I heard a vehicle approaching from the right and being driven, at break-neck speed, down the branch road from the valley to the junction. I was positioned to look down a straight stretch of this road and at once a Jeep came in sight, with a single man in it.

I am not a very observant person, but my present situation must have upgraded my vision a point or two. I noticed at once that the driver was wearing the bowl-shaped steel helmet and before the Jeep had advanced another ten yards I was out in the road and waving my cap like an Arsenal fan.

The Jeep was travelling at such a speed that it was on me in a flash and it was in that split second that I regretted my impulsive action. It seemed impossible that the driver would be idiot enough to stop, even supposing he noticed me at all. He did though, skidding along the gritty surface for a distance of 20 yards, and taking one hand from the steering wheel to jerk a thumb over his shoulder.

The slow-down, my jump aboard, and our take-off occupied, I should say, about four seconds. There was another burst of firing from the wood and, at the same moment, two lorry drivers doubled round the bend from the hamlet and reached the crossroads.

From the wood

I do not even know whether they loosed off at us, or whether the firing from the wood was directed at the Jeep or the colonel's men lower down the hill. I only remember how far my jaw sagged when we came to a screeching halt behind some buildings in the street of the town from which I had set out, and the blue jowls of Corporal Smut Cleary, RASC, swung round on me from the driver's seat.

"Do the same for me someday chum!" he said, and I realised that he hadn't even recognised me.

"I wonder if they got your licence number Smut?" I ask him. It seemed to me the best way of rounding it off.

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By R. F. Delderfield



IN Worm's Eye View—his record-breaking comedy of life in the RAF—R. F. Delderfield chose a target of which he himself had a bird's eye view as a war-time PRO. Born in London 43 years ago, he is also au fait with Devon, where he worked for many years as a journalist and still lives with his wife and two children, concocting novels, plays and film scripts. The Queen Came By—his Victorian shop drama—was recently seen on television.

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES	NO

●Put your tick in the space above and keep this panel by you until Monday . . . when the answer will be given—with another story in this series by . . .

John Creasey

● Did yesterday's story—The Pasha's Cigarette, by William Douglas Home—actually happen? The answer is: YES.

HOLMES HAS MOVED

By JOHN DESMOND

London.

THE Abbey National Building Society here is helping to perpetuate the memory of the most famous detective of them all—Sherlock Holmes.

Every week the Society, at their office at 221B Baker Street, gets dozens of letters from youngsters all over the world who think that Holmes still lives at the address given him by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

And every week Mr J. Greaves, the assistant establishment officer of the Society, sits down to answer a sheaf of letters to make sure that no youngster is disillusioned.

Letters range from requests for autographed pictures to pleas for British stamps. And not a few of them come from children in foreign countries.

A typical reply reads: "This building stands on the site of 221B Baker Street, the famous flat belonging to Mr Sherlock Holmes.

"You will appreciate therefore that Mr Holmes has had to vacate his flat and unfortunately I do not know where he is at the present moment."

FLIGHT TO GLORY: Second Instalment:

CONTACT! AND THE GREAT MOMENT CAME

GRAHAM WALLACE continues his story of Alcock and Brown

ALCOCK and Brown arrived in St John's, Newfoundland, on the night of May 13, 1919. It was bitterly cold, raining hard, and snow still lay thick on the ground.

Fed up and miserable, they made their way to the one and only good hotel, the Cochrane, where they had a great reunion with their friends and rivals—Harry Hawker and Mackenzie-Grieve, pilot and navigator of the Sopwith "Atlantic," and Freddy Raynham and Morgan of the Martinsyde "Raymor."

Too rocky

THEY soon learned the worst. It was just as they had feared. Both rivals had their machines already assembled and ready to take off at the first favourable break in the weather.

With their Vimy still aboard a freighter on the Atlantic, Alcock and Brown felt they didn't stand a chance. To add to their misery Hawker and Raynham told them that a giant, four-engined Handley Page was being assembled at Harbour Grace, some sixty miles from St John's, and that it would soon be ready for a first test flight.

However, Alcock and Brown refused to be downhearted for long and they started searching for a suitable field to use as an aerodrome for the Vimy. This proved to be a hopeless task.

The land around St John's was either too rocky or covered with forest or swamp, or it was already sown with crops.

The American flying-boats were the first to leave. With all four engines roaring, the three Curtiss machines thundered out of Trepassey Harbour on May 16, flying through the night towards the Azores.

Below them, stretched in a bridge across the Atlantic, was a whole chain of destroyers ready to rescue them if forced down.

Only one flying-boat arrived intact at the Azores. Ten days later, after a long delay caused by bad weather, it flew on to Lisbon.

Good chance

BAD luck dogged the attempts of Hawker and Raynham who took off two days after the flying-boats. Raynham crashed his heavily laden machine before he was airborne, and Hawker and Mackenzie-Grieve were forced down with engine trouble only 500 miles short of Ireland.

With two of their rivals out of the race, Alcock and Brown stood a good chance of winning the prize if they could manage to be ready before the Handley Page.

The freighter carrying the Vimy arrived on May 26 and they immediately began assembly of the machine on Raynham's former airfield on the outskirts of St John's.



Working under appalling conditions the Vickers team had the Vimy complete and test-flown in 13 days. This would have been a record in the Vickers works at home—in Newfoundland it was a miracle.

Everything had to be done in the open, with no hangar or workshop to shelter them from the rain and icy sleet. Their fires were scattered by Atlantic gales and it became impossible to keep even a soldering iron hot. Half-frozen and numb with exhaustion, they toiled on from dawn till dusk.

Alcock was everywhere at once, roaming the countryside to find a field long enough for the final take-off of the Vimy with a full load aboard, dashing back to Quidi Vidi to encourage the mechanics, and even cooking their meals to save precious time.

Preparing for the take-off at St. John's

As the weather became warmer, inquisitive sightseers walked out from St John's to pester the Vickers team.

At last Alcock found what he had been searching for so desperately—a piece of ground that would make a passable runway for the take-off on the Atlantic flight.

Rush job

FOR two days he and Brown, helped by 30 volunteers, worked like maniacs. Alcock was determined to leave on Friday July 13.

"Number 13 has a charm for this machine," he told the Daily Mail correspondent. "It was the 13th of its type turned out from the works; there are 13 in our party and we arrived here on the 13th of last month."

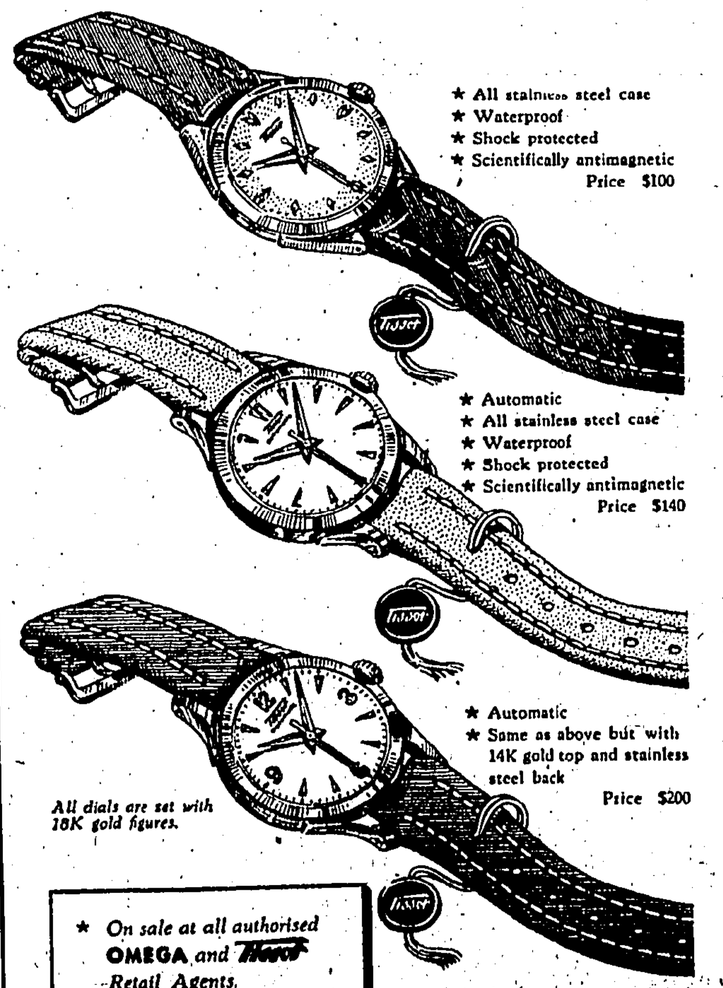
But he was unlucky in his ambition. The Vimy was ready and test-flown, the Handley Page had not yet left, but bad weather and some minor mechanical set-backs delayed their departure until June 14.

When the great moment came, they left without farewell speeches or mock heroics. They said goodbye to their friends and climbed up into the cockpit. Someone passed up a bottle of whisky. The Daily Mail correspondent gave Alcock a sprig of white heather.

"Contact!" First the starboard, then the port engine roared into life. Alcock throttled back and yelled out to the mechanics: "Goodbye, all. See you in London."

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ONE MAGIC WORD

IT'S THE SECRET OF THE MARY PICKFORD 'QUARREL POLICY'

(After 18 years of marriage with Buddy Rogers)



"IT'S been 19 *wonderful* years," glowed Mr Charles "Buddy" Rogers.

"Eighteen," chipped in his wife, Mary Pickford. "He always wants to make it a year longer. Is that a compliment?"

They were *disagreeing* about—the date of their marriage. And the first thing you need, I learned, for a happy marriage like theirs, is a properly laid down "quarrel policy."

It was a marriage that in 1937 caused a lot of speculative gossip. For Mary, the World's Sweetheart, had surprised the adoring world by marrying a man ten years younger than herself just over a year after her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, sen.

★ ★ ★

But the marriage has outlasted the gossip.

And this is because neither of them believes marriage is a sublime mystery but is a technical achievement composed of love, understanding and lots of quick thinking.

And above all, when a quarrel looms up, it needs quick disposal by well-established rules.

"Whenever it seems we are about to quarrel I say to my husband—'Toronto,' which is my birthplace." "And I say to Mary 'Olathe,' which is my birthplace," joined in Mr Rogers.

"Then we discuss the whole thing calmly the next morning," says Miss Pickford.

"Meanwhile we carry on as though nothing had happened and more often than not there is nothing left to talk about in the morning anyway.

"It really works."

"Sure does," said Mr Rogers.

"Of course, we're not so silly as to believe that's the whole of the answer but it does short-cut bad temper and it's better to have a truce than a temper." (Credit to Mr Noel Coward for the idea, shown not working in Private Lives).

Another couple who have "truce terms" to end their quarrels are actress Adrianne Allen and her lawyer-husband William Dwight Whitney.

"My husband is an American," says Miss Allen, "and we both firmly believe in Anglo-American Co-operation.

★ ★ ★

"So when an argument between us seems to be going on too long one of us just says 'AAC' and the argument ends.

"It has worked very well for 16 years now."

Taking a look at the "quarrel policy" of another happy (15 years) marriage, that of Mr Anthony Greenwood, MP, and his wife Gillian, I learned that although quarrels are rare they are always sidetracked by whichever one of them happens not to be in a bad mood leaving the room.

And what happens if both are in a bad temper?

"I was given some advice by my godmother," says Mrs Greenwood. "That was, 'Never be in a bad temper the same time as your husband.' When I said, 'But supposing I am?' I was told 'You *mustn't* be, that's all.' Somehow it works out that way."

★ ★ ★

No sidetracking for Mr and Mrs James Thurber, however, 20 years happily married.

"We have an argument, point for point, until one or the other wins," says Mrs Thurber. This is a tactical battle with two very well-pointed wits in the field.

"None of this leaving it for 12 hours or sleeping on an argument for us," says Mrs Thurber.

"An argument is a very good thing. I like it," said Mr Thurber. "I've written about 20 books on the subject.

"But we have rules on how to fight and how not to fight."

And what are the rules?

"Oh," said Mr Thurber evasively, "the twenties and thirties are for fighting, the forties and fifties for a peaceful time. I forget what our rules are.

"But a man likes to hear his wife talk when she's cross. Like charming bells," he added weirdly.

Eileen Joyce (Mrs Christopher Mann) believes in a skilful use of sweetness.

"We are both very busy people and it would be tragic to spoil our time together. So I make it a rule when we are together not to let any complaints creep in, however cross I may be feeling.

"I do think a woman has to give more and to make an effort to keep things serene."

So with herself well under control, what happens when her husband is feeling cross? The answer is guile.

"I throw all his guns away by being especially sweet. I divert his attention from what is making him cross by flattering him about something, or mentioning his cooking. Or trying to get something for him like a cup of coffee. Instead of fighting back I just try to change his mood by any means I can think of."

★ ★ ★

There is, of course, the other way — Constance Cummings's way.

That of marrying a man who *will not* quarrel.

She has been married for 22 years to dramatist Mr Benn Levy and they have still to have their first quarrel.

"I love a row myself," she says. "But it takes two."

"He has such an even disposition it is impossible to get him arguing, much less fighting. So I have just about given up."

Unfortunately the Mr Levys are just about as rare—as the Miss Joyces.

Frankly I have my doubts about all these rules and gimmicks.

A human being in a real rage is like a bus going downhill without brakes.

But, of course, one of the secrets of a happy marriage is to be loyal to it against all inquirers.

Even to the extent of a little white lie.

Anne Sharpley

"A Cool Look at the Loved Ones" — which has been reappraising the famous in the light of their achievements. Nancy Spain was invited to choose two writers whose work interested her. This is what happened.....

MY PILGRIMAGE TO SEE MR WAUGH

By Nancy Spain

I FOUND out afterwards that John Masefield, the 80-year-old Poet Laureate, hadn't invited Lord Noel-Buxton and myself to tea either.

Lord Noel-Buxton just walked into the house Burcot Brook, while I was outside waist deep in a rich crop of hay, staring across the eternal Thames that murmured through the golden afternoon at the bottom of the wild garden.

It was a glorious afternoon, just right for a literary pilgrimage.

But John Masefield was hospitality itself. His blue eyes danced with pleasure, his white moustache was crisp with happiness as he fetched more oatcake and extra cups. He told us about the time he was a barman in New York, long before Prohibition days. He thought New York was the most beautiful place in the world.

"But the sword outwears the sheath a little there, doesn't it? Of course, I was a boy then....no idea I was going to be a poet. I worked in a bar called The Colombia. I don't think it's there now.

A darling man

"It needs application and knowledge to be a barman, you know. Don't despise it. In those days there were well over 200 sorts of cocktails, juleps, things that were frappe*...."

He was silent, dreaming back in the past, but his complexion, ruddy as a young boy's, made me think he had never drunk a cocktail in his life. "I think I did it quite well, that job," said the Poet Laureate, blushing and looking down.

John Masefield is a darling man. And over tea we talked about Roman fords (which is Lord Noel-Buxton's subject), Laurens Van der Post (Mrs Masefield had been reading a book by him), and Evelyn Waugh.

"Where does Waugh live?" asked John Masefield.

"He lives the life of a country gentleman," I said. "At Piers Court, Stinchcombe, Gloucestershire."

"A long way to go," said John Masefield. "And you think he won't see you? *Of course* he will. Why, of course I have a great fondness for journalists, having been one myself, and frequently when being interviewed in the past I have talked to them through the keyhole of the bathroom. Yes, I rather enjoy being interviewed through a keyhole.

On we went

"You must look out for Hetty Pegler's Tump as you go along. A splendid long earthwork where they used to bury the old British chiefs."

Asked Lord Noel-Buxton: "Is Evelyn Waugh a nice man?"

"I met him once," said John Masefield vaguely. And his blue eyes became less blue in his efforts to remember him. "Or was it the father? Yes, I think I knew the father better. A publisher, wasn't he?"

"What was *he* like then?"

"I don't know. I really don't know." John Masefield's moustache became quite limp with disappointment. "Do you know, I really can't remember anything about him at all. . . ."

So on we went into the heart of Gloucestershire. We stopped in Oxford to buy Lord Noel-Buxton a copy of a novel by Mr Waugh, so that he could mug it up. And I tried to explain about Mr Waugh as we swirled through Cirencester, along the magic, haunted Fosse Way, down great tufted hills into the golden sunset, into the Severn Valley.

Rather fun

I said that Evelyn Waugh used to be a Bright Young Thing, who wrote bright young novels with names like "Vile Bodies" and "Black Mischief," and we all loved them. He first married Evelyn Gardner in 1927. His marriage was dissolved in 1930. In that year he was received into the Church of Rome.

In 1937 he married Laura Herbert and had six children.

* *Served with chopped ice.*

And then he withdrew into the country and wrote books we didn't enjoy quite so much.

He used to be a reporter; he used to play terrible practical jokes; he once climbed a ladder 100 feet high for a bet and took off his tie in a restaurant and gave it to a lady who had admired it.

And he was supposed to have laughed quite loud when somebody said that "it was young Mrs Humphrey Waugh who wrote the novels."

And he had written a satire on Hollywood cemeteries called "The Loved One" that had upset the morticians of America so much that they say they will not bury him if he should die over there. . . .

"Lor'," said Lord Noel-Buxton. "He sounds rather fun."

"I don't think you'll see him," I said. "His wife told me on the telephone this morning that he was Not at home."

"Well anyway, we can have a look at the house."

Genteel place

In Stinchcombe (which is a straggling collection of prefabricated houses) we found a pub called The Yew Tree. Everyone was most helpful and a splendid Character with his furry bosom bursting from his shirt said he would show us where Piers Court was.

Another handsome character, Norman Attwood, who actually *works* for Mr Waugh, suggested we put in a word for his silver band. "Does Mr Waugh play in it?" I asked. "Does he play the bugle?"

"Lor' no. But he gives us all cigars when we go up there and play to *him*."

So up we went to Piers Court, a genteel residence indeed. The gravel sweep was dainty as anything. The lawns were trim. Beyond a battlement of urns the dim blue Severn could faintly be seen. And by a neat flower bed was a notice board: *NO ADMITTANCE ON BUSINESS.*

I rang the bell. Mrs Waugh, a beautiful woman in a twin set and slacks, came immediately, sighed deeply and leaned against the door jamb.

I said who we were. She said she was afraid we could not stay, when I heard a voice calling: "Who is it? What is it?"—and Mrs Waugh replied: "Lord Noel-Buxton and Miss Nancy Spain."

"Tell them to go away," said Mr Waugh.

"Go away, go away! You read the notice, didn't you? No admittance on business!"

Not wanted

Lord Noel-Buxton is rather a tall man. He stood his ground, blinking, looking down at Mr Waugh, who is rather a short man. "I'm not on business," was the answer. "I'm a member of the House of Lords."

"Go away," repeated Mr Waugh, who once held a commission in the Royal Marines, generally showing that we were not wanted.

So we went back to the car and climbed in and started to drive away.

"Oh, Nancy," said Lord Noel-Buxton. "Do stop. He's coming to apologise."

So I stopped. But not on your life!! He had come out of the house merely to shut two wrought iron gates and bolt them too.

"So much for our literary pilgrimage," said my companion.

And so ended our attempt to gate-crash my favourite idol.

NO FLOWERS BY REQUEST

(of the Chief of Police)

IN 'BIG FOUR' GENEVA

FREDERICK SANDS TAKES A LOOK ROUND THE SITE OF THE SUMMIT TALKS WHICH WILL TAKE PLACE ON MONDAY

I HAVE seen a thousand signposts pointing to Geneva; but they never looked the same as those I passed on my way down here this time, to find out how Geneva is preparing for the first conference on the most exalted level in the ten years since Potsdam.

It is the meeting of the Big Four, the heads of the three major Western Powers and the Soviet Union, a conference potentially equipped to change the destinies of our and future generations in East and West.

That thought made Geneva, the closer I came to the city of Calvin, stand out as a symbol of our time. It became more than just the name of a town, snugly tucked away in the westernmost corner of a country which for centuries has spelled peace in capital letters.

☆ ☆ ☆

After looking around for two days and talking to people here I was struck to find the Genevese so much at ease. They see themselves as casual witnesses of history in the making, but it's "just another conference" to them. With the first signs of summer they are preoccupied with acquiring a seasonal tan and making holiday preparations.

They have seen conferences come and go which did little of what they promised. This has made them cynical of the palatial £4,000,000 biscuit-coloured marble structure, the second largest building in Europe, which is to be the seat of the coming meeting.

To the Genevese it is the big white elephant that has consecutively become the cradle and the burial ground of the old League of Nations. It is here that the Big Four will sit together at a large square table —not a round table—in a re-arranged, dignified, green-and-gold-decorated Council Room.

☆ ☆ ☆

I looked over the room, with its view across lush lawns, to the lofty, snow-capped peak of Mont Blanc, and sat down in one of the soft green leather armchairs which will be occupied by one of the Big Four. Who is actually to sit in it will depend on final agreement on who shall sit facing whom.

At this stage of the preparations the hub of activity is not, however, at the United Nations Palace but a second-floor office in the old part of the town.

Here Commandant Charles Knecht, ruddy-faced, 6ft.-tall chief of Geneva Police, a veteran of 20 years' experience of international conferences, is organising his security forces of more than 2,000 troops, State and Federal police.

The Commandant told me: "I am preparing the most widespread security system ever devised in peace-time."

To his office daily come top-secret messages from London, Washington, Paris, and Moscow.

By far the most severe conditions are being imposed not, as one might think, by the Russians but by two F.B.I. chiefs who flew here from Washington.

So far, basic agreement between Commandant Knecht and heads of the secret police of four countries has been reached on the following points:

1. Crowds must be kept at "safety distance" by armed police from the Big Four, their Foreign Ministers and cars;

2. Setting-up of security zones to include the conference area and grounds of the United Nations Palace, as well as the four Geneva hotels and approaches to private villas where heads of Governments and delegation members live;

3. Powerful all-night illumination of security zones with Army searchlights;

☆ ☆ ☆

4. A strict ban on throwing of flowers, as these could contain explosives;

5. Mentally unbalanced persons and doubtful elements known to the authorities to be rounded up and kept in seclusion during the conference period.

No less formidable than the task of Commandant Knecht, yet closely linked with it, is that of Geneva authorities charged with finding suitable accommodation for the Big Four heads of Governments and their 600-800 delegates, advisers, secretaries, and personal security squads, to say nothing of an estimated 1,000 newspaper, radio, and television reporters and photographers.

Theoretically the problem was solved after the City Council sent out emergency orders to hotels stating that the council takes first priority on all rooms for the week beginning July 18.

Hotels were told to cancel advance bookings wherever possible. But that was not enough. Hundreds of rooms had to be found in private flats and houses.

Sir Anthony Eden, the British Prime Minister, will stay in a large chateau where ex-King Leopold of the Belgians lived during his exile in Switzerland. Mr Harold Macmillan, the British Foreign Secretary, will have a smaller house on an adjoining property.

Standards of personal security will govern the ultimate choice of President Eisenhower's quarters here.

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Although a number of luxurious villas are available the two Washington Secret Service men now at Geneva have reported to the State Deparmtent that they think the President should move in with the 250-strong delegation for whom four floors have been reserved at the Du Rhone. Its third floor directly communicates with the adjoining American Consulate-General.

The only trouble-makers from the accommodation angle are the Russians, who refused to share quarters with tourists and other strangers.

The authorities have obligingly "requisitioned" the whole of the Hotel Metropole for them, a relatively simple matter because the hotel is State-owned.

Commandant Knecht had to agree to let the Russians do their own policing.

Marshal Bulganin, the Soviet Premier, and his Foreign Secretary, M. Molotov, will share a large, Russian-owned villa facing the U.N. palace.

☆ ☆ ☆

Up to the present the French have not decided on a residence for their Premier and Foreign Minister. Their delegation will stay at the Hotel des Bergues, the city's most opulent.

Most actively preparing in readiness for the meeting are Geneva's night-club owners, rehearsing new shows which would make Parisians blush.

Footnote.—The paintings on the wall of the Council Room, a gift from Spain, were ceremoniously unveiled at the same moment as Franco's guns opened fire on Madrid.

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JOHNNY HAZARD By Frank Robbins



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

A PREVIEW OF AUTUMN FASHION

Victor Stiebel Breaks The Hush-Hush



THE GOWN

Black velvet with taffeta-swathed bodice; dropped hipline outlined with mink. A huge hat and trailing mink complete this private-view glimpse of a top fashion designer's new startling idea.

London.

IF the other 11 top British dress designers are thinking along the same line as Mr Stiebel, we are going to see some startling women around town this winter.

We shall not know their secrets until the fashion collections at the end of July, but I do know what **VICTOR STIEBEL** has in mind. . . A long slim, shapeless line, with concealed bosom, hidden waist, and a half-dropped hip-line.

For Victor Stiebel has broken through all the hush-hush security surrounding fashion to give me a glimpse of his autumn collection.

There was the glimpse—an evening gown decorating a tailor's dummy—in the centre of Mr Stiebel's private sanctum. Only an embryo dress, for it was made in toile, the muslin-like fabric that stands in for real material for the first few attempts on a new design.



ON RIGHT: A back view of the dress with the new long, slim shapeless line that Victor Stiebel has in mind for his new collections.

Mr Stiebel told me how it will look in his collection: "Soft black velvet, with a fine taffeta - swathed bodice, the dropped hipline outlined with a movement of mink. A slit in the front shows a tiny bit of ankle."

And being a designer he had to think of more than just the gown. He sat back, thoughtfully: "I think the model for this dress should wear an enormous picture hat and....she should trail a very long, very thin mink — disdainfully, of course."

An outfit in the luxury class had been created.

But how did it come about, this new line for the winter?



A DRESS TAKES SHAPE IN SEVEN LAYERS

IN ONE of Victor Stiebel's nine workrooms . . . And here is the beginning of a crinoline dress—seven layers of crisply gathered net.

Where do the fashion secrets start?

They begin in the room where I was sitting. An austere room, with beige curtains and a large, rather worn carpet — contrasting strangely with the wealth of gold, heavy pile carpets, and chandeliers in the salon outside.

"Strictly clinical," remarked Mr Stiebel. "I see no reason for having my workroom fit for an Eastern potentate."

As an idea materialises, Victor Stiebel jots it down in a little leather pocket-book. Unlike many designers he does not plan every stitch and every sequin before he starts. His dresses are designed as they are made.

The design comes to life in the nine workrooms. Long, business-like rooms, with trestle tables, photographs of the Royal Family decorating the walls, and in each 25 women busily cutting out, pressing, and fitting.

I looked into the head fitter's room. A young girl carefully pinned into place the many tiers for a full-skirted crinoline for Joyce Grenfell's American tour. In another corner a short, A-line dress was being fitted to a dummy.

Three necklines had been marked in with tape so that Victor Stiebel could decide which he wanted. Other dresses awaited his instructions.

Mlle. Lydia

This is where Mlle. Lydia comes on the scene. She is the head fitter at Stiebel's: a Russian, with a mass of blond curls, and very strong views on fashion.

Now Lydia is making up the black evening gown I saw in toile. But . . . she does not like Mr Stiebel's new line.

"It is not pretty to hide the bosom and the waist," she told me. "I do not understand this."

Stiebel's answer is: "The hidden figure is more interesting than any amount of revelation."

A pause. Then Stiebel added: "She comes to me all day asking 'What do you suggest?' She fights against some of my ideas like a prize steer — but always she brings out the dress I want."



TEN old-fashioned irons stand on hot plates in the Stiebel workrooms. Here a shoulder pad is being pressed before it is fitted into a finished gown.

Is Marriage The Key To Success?

ARE married women more successful in their careers than the spinster girls? I think they are—and for three reasons. They have more self-confidence, they are more at ease with the opposite sex, and the give and take of married life has taught them the art of getting on with other people.

Only one leading film star of today I can think of has no "Mrs" tag to her name, and that's American Grace Kelly.

In the House of Commons most of our women MPs are married. Notable exception is the lively and intelligent Patricia Hornsby-Smith.

The TV screen rarely includes a spinster among its personalities. Joan Gilbert and Mary Parker are still bachelor girls, but most of the attractive feminine faces who come into our homes have households of their own.



ANNE GUNNING
The only one of twelve.

Let's take the top models. Only one of the leading twelve —Anne Gunning—is a young eligible.

The women who've made their mark in business all wear wedding rings. Directors of companies and big stores, chains of dress shops or cosmetic businesses, there's scarcely a "Miss" among them.

The best of our ballerinas are married, so are many leading women doctors, barristers and lawyers. And looking around the London stage I can find only one little leading lady who still has to enter wedlock. She's the new girl—Anna Massey —but she's only seventeen.

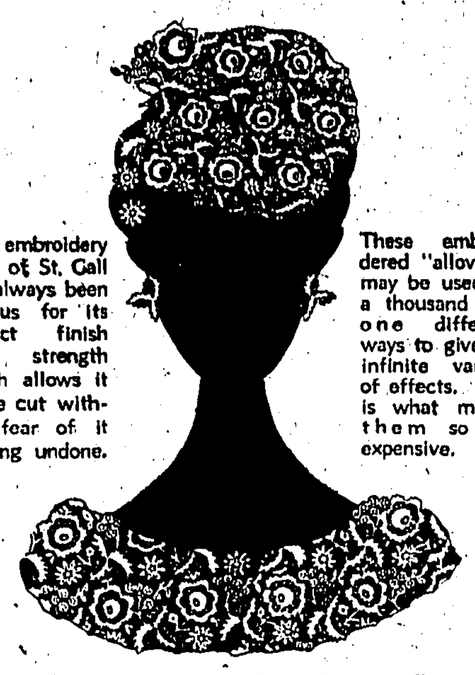
GO-GETTER

I asked psychologist Mayo Wingate what it is that marriage does for the career woman?

"It's not so much what marriage does for a woman as the kind of woman she is that makes for business success," he tells me. "The go-getting type, who carves a successful career is usually an interesting, vital person and is automatically attractive to the opposite sex. So her chances of remaining single are slim."

—*(London Express Service)*

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FASHION GOES WILD WEST

By Elizabeth Carey

ARIZONA is becoming a fashion centre in its own right. The Indian reservations nearby and the Spanish-American inhabitants — always a source of inspiration for artists and craftsmen — are now influencing sportswear and cocktail separates.

Sheer wool, sheer jersey and felt are basic fabrics. The colours are bright but not garish, and hand prints reflect the growth and colour of the local vegetation or desert areas.

It is an area of craftsmen —silver and leather workers, painters and wood workers —and Scottsdale, a small town about 15 miles from Phoenix, is its special hub. This little town has a long history as an arts and crafts community, going back to the days when most of the handicrafts were done by the surrounding Indian groups.

There was a time when Indian women copied the white women. Now, squaw skirts and dress are high fashion — especially when decorated with gold braid and gold ric-rac.

THE SQUAW DRESS

The history of the squaw dress begins with the arrival of the early pioneers in the 1860's. Down the years the styling of this dress has gone through various phases. The modern version is available as a day, cocktail or evening dress. Its origins are still apparent, not only in the design itself but in the authentic patterns which are worked in the fabric.

Typical is a two-piece in turquoise wool jersey, beautifully decorated with bands of gold braid and a pattern worked in gold ric-rac braid. This is by Ricki of Arizona.

Separates are a specialty with Arizona designers. Skirts in wool felt and other wool fabrics are very full, and there is much originality in the designs. Florence Aspell of Tucson, for instance, has designs which tell a story on her skirts, after the style of the willow pattern China. She couples these with sweater or jersey tops which carry a small motif of the design.

Sara Neary of Scottsdale uses a wool fabric in a deep, bright blue, handwoven by the local Indians, for a short fitted jacket. This is worn with a wide band of embroidery.

Separates in wool jersey and wool felt skirts are created by Olive Hulett of Phoenix, whereas Katie Davis specialises in hand-printed sheer wools. Her version of the Arizona desert "burnous" — teamed with a strapless evening dress to give a covered-up look — buttons under the arms to form sleeves or can be unbuttoned and worn as a straight stole. This is a good travel number since it is wrinkle-resistant; if it does crease after packing, it hangs out quite quickly.

OTHER GIMMICKS

Tapered slacks, studded belts, in-or-out shirts, sweater scarves and other fashion "gimmicks" have come to the sophisticated world from the land of the cowboys and from the dude ranches.

Now fashions and colours are born from the traditions of ancient peoples, local settings, and varied craftsmanships. Clothes such as these are local in their origins, but will find a welcome place in the fashion centres of the world.

Vinegar Will Banish Nylon Curtain "Grey"

Lincoln, Neb.

Vinegar now is a washday aid.

It will help keep nylon curtains from becoming greyed, says Mrs Clara N. Leopold, home management specialist at the University of Nebraska.

She said freshly-laundered white nylon curtains eventually take on a greyish appearance, because of static electricity; dirt in a room is attracted to the curtains as iron is to a magnet.

Most manufacturers solve the problem by using a permanent anti-static finish, Mrs Leopold said, but for those curtains not so finished, a few drops of vinegar in the rinse water will solve the problem.

—*United Press.*

More Variations Of The Italian Cut

By Dorothy Barkley

London.

HAIRSTYLING changes with the whims and fancies of passing fashion as much as dress itself these days. Short cuts one year, Grecian chignons the next —there's no limit to the variety.

But now in London there is a new technique in hairstyling — the Italian cut — which gives to all the changes in fashion an underlying link. For the technique is the same, no matter what the style, and it produces a soft, natural look, encouraging the hair's natural wave.

The two hairdressers who have brought this new cut to London — they call themselves Mr Richard and Mr Henry — explain that it has been helped by new tools. The cold permanent waving has brought a new softness; and the use of vegetable dyes, in place of chemical dyes — for those who like their hair highlighted — produces a softer effect.

IDEAL SHAPE

The Italian cut, which came to London in a small way just after the war, now looks as if it is here to stay. So far they have opened five salons in London, all of them giving the same technique in cutting. To keep the assistants up-to-date in style, and to train the new apprentices, Mr Richard and Mr Henry hold night classes at one or other of the salons every night.

Two of the new style variations are illustrated here. The Italian boy cut, illustrated left, is a short, simple style for those with smooth heavy hair. The "Genziana" cut is for those who prefer a longer, softer style.

"Every hairdresser works towards creating the ideal shape of face—the oval shape," says Mr Richard. "Hair is cut down or broadened out to give that illusion. A hairstyle, after all, changes a woman's outlook more than a hat, and as much as a suit or dress."

They are now planning a super-hairdressers which will be almost like a club. Besides the usual hairstyling equipment, it will have beauty salons and an Italian-style coffee bar.

SURPRISE FABRICS

From Ronald Paterson, the bright young man of the Top Twelve designers, come a few hints of what his new collection will contain at the end of the month. The line and all its details are still top secret, but he tells of some of the new fabrics he has chosen.

"Bright vivid colours have completely disappeared and subtle colours have taken their place," he says. Many of these are created by weaving two together, brown with black, or green with grey, for instance.

Surprise of his fabric choice is the use of light weight woollens. The heavier and clumsier woollens are disappearing from the fashion scene. A highlight of the collection will be a featherweight wool which though light and not too warm in wear, yet is sufficient bulk for top coats and dresses with matching jackets.

Another new wool is woven on pure silk chiffon, and is featherweight and uncrushable.

Other fabrics suggest that luxury is to be the keynote of the new collection. For Ronald Paterson has also picked velvet taffeta, with delicate cut-out tracery patterns, some in medieval design, and brocades and satins woven with synthetic gold thread.

FOR NEW COLLECTIONS

Mlle Schiaparelli, one of our best in the world, is now competing with the French—on their own ground.

For he is now designing fabrics in England and having them made in the heart of the French silk producing country at Lyons. And, what is more, these fabrics will be used by Dior, Balmain and Fath in their new collections in August.

This has been done to beat a restriction imposed by the French Government which allowed fashion houses who wanted to take advantage of the government subsidy—and this means nearly all of them—to use only 10% of designs from a foreign country.

Shortage of English materials puts out of a result. But these



The Italian boy cut, for those with smooth heavy hair.



The Genziana cut is soft, casual style.

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THE Philippines delegation to the eighth World Scouts' Jamboree to be held in Canada entertained to luncheon at the Cafe de Chine by the Consul for the Philippines, Mr Pelayo F. Llamas (fourth from left, standing). The delegation spent one day in Hongkong and continued on their voyage by the President Cleveland. (Staff Photographer)



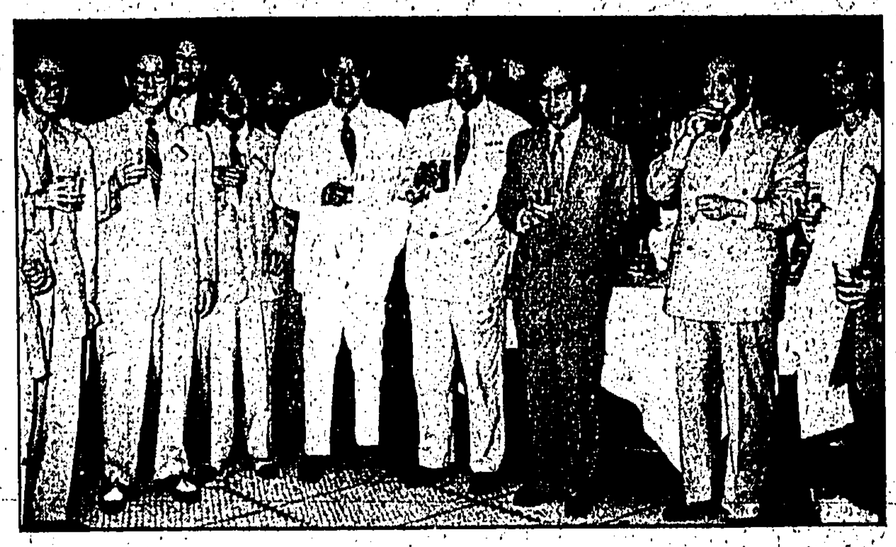
RIGHT: The first graduation ceremony of Chung Chi College. It was held at St Stephen's Girls' College. Picture is of Miss Dorothy Chiu, a graduate of Foreign Languages and Literature, delivering her valedictory speech. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Leave-bound for the United States and waving to their friends are Mr W. L. Griffiths, Manager of the Hongkong office of the National City Bank of New York, Mrs Griffiths and their young daughter. They left in the President Cleveland on Monday evening. (Staff Photographer)



THREE Chinese Unofficial Members of the Legislative Council — Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau, the Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan, the Hon. Kwok Chan—entertained to dinner by the Board of Directors of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals. They are second, third and fifth from right. Fourth from right is Mr K. C. Fung, Chairman of the Board. (Staff Photographer)



AT the tea party given by the Servicemen's Guides in honour of Mrs Perle Mesta, formerly U.S. Minister to Luxembourg. Left to right: Mrs L.B. Humphrey, Mrs Mesta and Mrs L. Parsons. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr D. P. Adarkar, the new Commissioner for the Government of India in Hongkong (far right), seen with Mr Alim Jagtiani at Kai Tak Airport on his arrival on Monday. Mr Adarkar, who has come from Bonn, Germany, holds the rank of Minister. (Staff Photographer)



GENERAL Augustin Guillaume, Chief of Staff of the French Armed Forces, inspecting the Band of the 1st Northamptonshire Regiment which provided a guard of honour when he called at Flagstaff House last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



LT-COL J. S. Jeffords, former Assistant United States Army Liaison Officer in Hongkong, left by the President Cleveland on completion of his period of duty here. He is seen here with Mrs Jeffords and their two sons before the ship sailed. (Staff Photographer)



LADY GRANTHAM presented the prizes at the annual speech day of the Diocesan Boys' School last week. Above: Two new graduates, Mr A. Djong and Mr R. Liu (third and fourth from left) with four old boys, Messrs. A. E. Law, D. Quie, E. C. C. Johnson and Tang Yau-ting. Left: A relief model of Hongkong made by the boys on display. (Staff Photographer)

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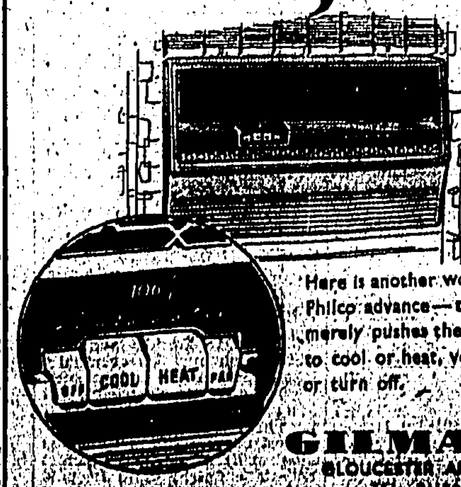
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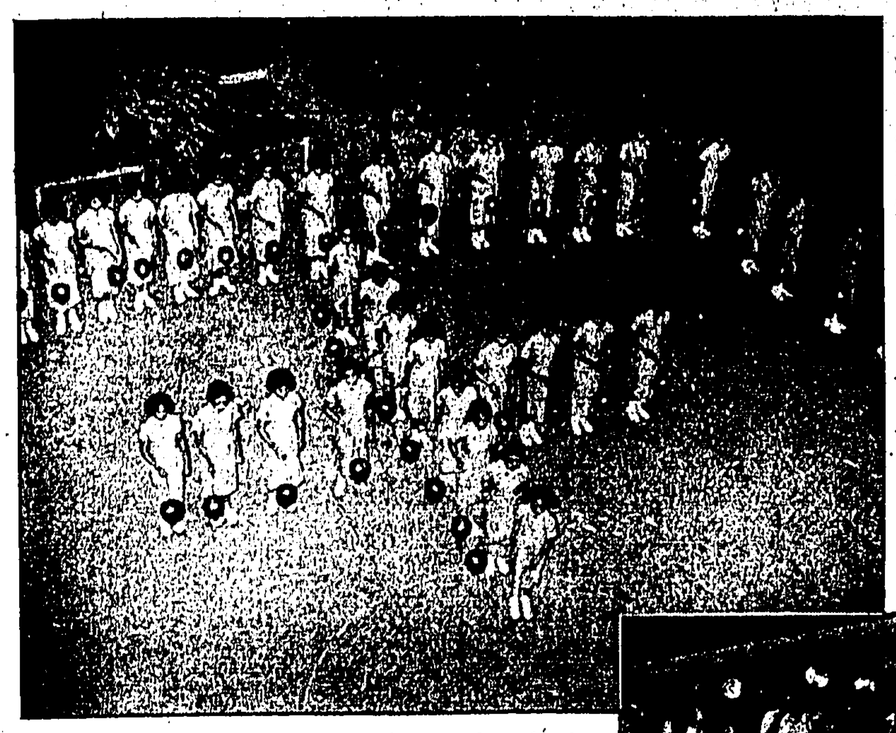
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THE colourful lantern ceremony on the eve of graduation day at the True Light Girls' School in Kowloon. Right: Miss Ho Chung-chung, Headmistress, presenting a prize at the annual speech day of True Light's Hongkong school. (Staff Photographer)



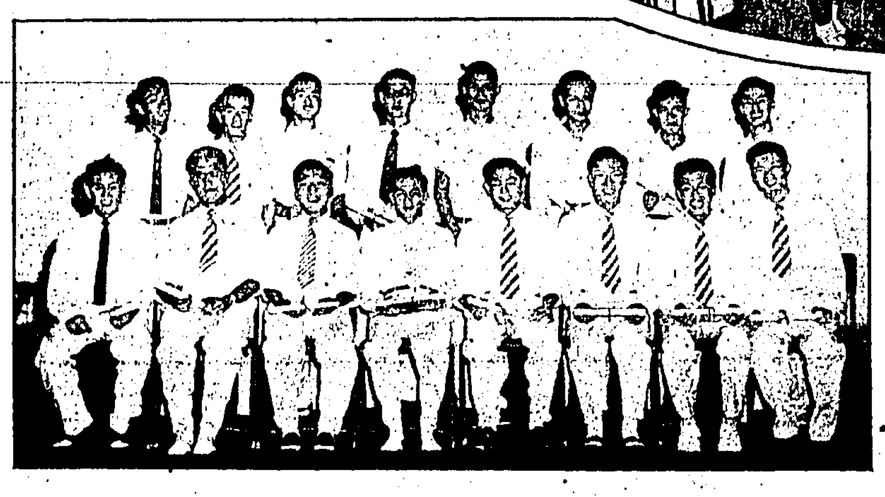
BELOW: Group of recipients of prizes at the annual speech day of St Stephen's College, Stanley. The prizes were distributed by the Colonial Secretary, the Hon. E. B. David. (Staff Photographer)



GIRLS of Form 5M of the Diocesan Girls' School were hosts at a dinner party given in honour of Mrs Ruth Mack (seated in centre), who is leaving after teaching for five years. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Dr Daniel Wee-fong Han and Miss Betty Mary Ann Chau, pictured outside Rosary Church, Kowloon, after their wedding. (Willie's)







MR H. M. Sequeira, captain of the Mercantile Bank team, inter-bank soccer champions, receiving the trophy from Mrs Ho Won-choung at a party held at the Chinese Bankers' Recreation Club last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



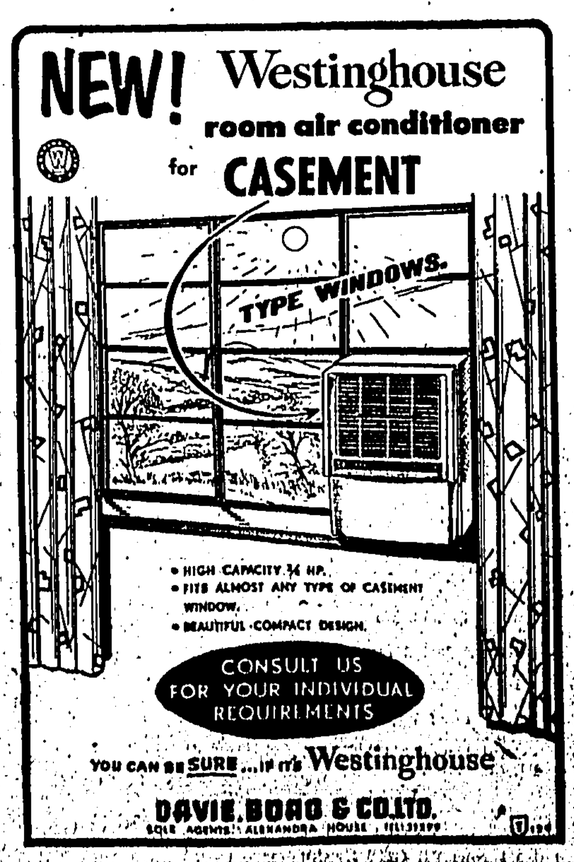
RIGHT: Girls of the Maryknoll Convent School, headed by their French mistress, Madame Vivienne Mok, put on Moliere's comedy, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," in commemoration of Bastille Day on Thursday. Madame Mok is seen flanked by the cast of the play, which was performed entirely in French. (Willie's)



LEFT: Miss E. Allen, who is shortly retiring from the teaching staff of the Diocesan Girls' School, being presented with a pair of jade earrings on behalf of the Diocesan Old Girls' Association by Mrs M. Fincher. (Staff Photographer)



THE "Magpies," the harmonica band of HMS Newcastle, delighted a large audience at the 33 General Hospital on Wednesday evening. Right: Part of the appreciative gathering. (Staff Photographer)



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Helen Burke sets places for four . . . for the hostess who plans a special occasion

IT'S A TYPICAL BRITISH MEAL

London.

FOR our third luncheon in this series, I decided on a typical British meal and invited Eric Portman, the actor, Louise Ransom, an American living in London, who is a member of the Cookery Club and, to choose the wines, Raymond Postgate, who is an authority on the subject.

Because there were two men for lunch, it seemed a good, if extravagant, idea to have a saddle of English lamb, and a great success it was. Though Mr Portman had eaten saddle of lamb, he had never before seen one like this. Miss Ransom had neither seen nor enjoyed saddle of lamb.

I ordered the saddle (35s.) from my butcher and it was beautifully prepared. The whole surface fat was lifted in short sharp knife thrusts in rows running parallel with the backbone, indicating the carving cuts. While this was decorative, it was more than that.

These fat "lifts" were there so that the melted fat would bubble, rise and fall during the roasting and baste the joint during the cooking period. I, of course, basted it as well. I suggest that if we ourselves did this to a loin of lamb, it would do much the same job for it.

The aperitifs

During the aperitifs, our guests very wisely took the opportunity of questioning Mr Postgate on the wines he had chosen and on wines in general.

Our aperitif was a very pleasant Pouilly-sur-Loire (11s. 6d.), chilled just enough.

When Mr Postgate suggested a little cassis syrup with it, the word "syrup" at once arrested the attention of the ladies.

All of us, including Mr Portman, declined the blackcurrant syrup but, when I noticed that Mr Postgate was having some with his second glass, I asked for a little. It was quite refreshing but, frankly, I preferred the Pouilly "neat."

The menu

Here is the menu which followed:

Tokay Szamorodni, 1920 (15/- ½ bottle)

Dublin Bay Prawns with Green Mayonnaise

Chateau Cheval Blanc (St Emilion) 1942 (22/-)

Roast Saddle of Lamb, Red Currant Jelly.
Plain Boiled Potatoes with Butter and Chopped Chives.
Macedoine of French Peas, baby Carrots and Turnips in Butter.
Leicester and Blue Vinney Cheese.
Strawberries and Cream.
Coffee.

For this dish, I bought 1½lb. deep-sea quick-frozen prawns for 18s. I defrosted them, dropped them into plain salted boiling water and poached them for three minutes. Plain salted water—not a court bouillon to interfere with the beautiful Tokay. The prawns were drained and quickly cooled, but not chilled.

For the green sauce, I made a very thick mayonnaise, using lemon juice instead of vinegar (again out of respect for the wine). Into it I worked a puree made of sorrel, watercress, spinach, parsley, tarragon and chives. These were blanched, washed in cold water, pressed dry and rubbed through a sieve. I cannot give the exact quantity of this puree because I stopped adding it when the desired flavour, colour, and consistency were reached. (What was left over made a very pleasant cream of green vegetable soup next day).

The sauce

That sauce was a real success and Louise Ransom asked me for the recipe. I think Mr Portman liked the presentation—a very old, large, round, flattish dish of my mother's, lined with lettuce, with a glass dish in the centre for the green mayonnaise. This was surrounded by the prawns and wedges of hard-hearted lettuce. My idea was to make it easy to pass round. Everyone had a second helping!

Incidentally, few people know that a Tokay can be dry. This one was beautifully so. Over the years, it had shed its sweetness, but retained that indefinable Tokay aroma with a fulness of flavour to be remembered.

The saddle of lamb was roasted for 1¼ hours, starting in a very hot oven. Once the fat had coloured the heat was reduced to fairly slow.

The peas, young carrots and turnips for the macedoine of vegetables were cooked separately, then assembled together and generously dressed with melted butter. I was disappointed with the tiny French peas—too long on the way, I think. I bought them because, owing to the weather, our own home-grown ones were not available. Next time, under similar circumstances, I would use quick-frozen peas in order to "play safe."

But the Chateau Cheval Blanc was perfect, which compensated a little for the peas. What a generous but delicate wine! For this kind of main course it would always be my choice, if I could get it.

The cheese

I did not want a piece of Stilton for, in this country, that is unthinkable, so I settled for a very ripe Bleu Vinney (too ripe for me) and a very pleasant Leicester cheese. The Cheval Blanc went very well with them. (We had two bottles of this wine so that we could continue with it for the cheese and strawberries).

Eric Portman does not eat strawberries, for the same reason that I don't (but I do allow myself two "binges" during the season). Mr Postgate would not have any cream. He likes his strawberries slightly sweetened with a little of the Cheval Blanc poured over them, in the French manner. So I did avoid the pitfall of having cream on the strawberries, for one of my guests and steered clear of sweet wine for all.

Notes and comments

Everyone took red currant jelly with the lamb. Louise Ransom liked it very much because, in the United States, she was used to having cranberry jelly with turkey. She was also intrigued with the white turnips, which she had never seen before.

Mr Portman has a house in Cornwall where his housekeeper cooks for him from Mrs Beeton. He enjoys serving something unusual for his guests, but very much appreciates "really good plain English cooking" and praised my meat course highly. He was glad to see a pepper-mill on the table—"One so rarely does in English homes."

Before we adjourned for coffee, Mr Postgate suggested that everyone should have a dry biscuit "to clean their palates."

The meal cost approximately £7 10s.—but it was a "special occasion"! (And there was left-over lamb, at least).



A bunch of flowers, and a handshake . . . Eric Portman arrives at Helen Burke's flat.

Postscript by Eric Portman

WHAT struck me most forcibly was that first-class food could be produced with apparently effortless ease in a small average kitchen.

Sometimes in restaurants the meal becomes a source of ritual. By the time you have heard the chef's explanation of why his dishes are so delectable you are almost too bored to enjoy them!

With Miss Burke there was no affectation, but the results, especially the Dublin Bay prawns with that delectable green sauce, were superb.

The wines, of course, about which I know just enough (and would like to learn more), were chosen with great discrimination and, in the case of the Tokay, with the element of surprise.

One immediate conclusion I came to was that the average shopper does not insist strongly enough on the quality of the meat and vegetables she buys. If you do not tell the butcher what you want he is likely to say: "This is good enough for her, she doesn't know anything better."

Even butchers must live, but not at the expense of the gourmet.

The Chances Of Recovery From A Coronary Episode

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

TOO many people still associate "coronary," or indeed any type of heart attack, with immediate fatality or prolonged invalidism. True, both of these do occur. But there is a large and growing percentage of persons who do very well for a long time following a coronary episode, provided they will take care of themselves with good sense and under medical supervision.

★

Drs A. M. Master Harry L. Jaffe, Eugene M. Teich and Louis Brinberg from Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York, report a study of 381 patients who had coronary episodes. The first two doctors in this group had expressed themselves during the past 20 years in an optimistic manner regarding the chances of survival and ability to work after a disabling attack of coronary artery disease. It seems hardly necessary to explain to readers that coronary disease is a blocking or narrowing of the arteries carrying blood to the heart muscle, with consequent food and oxygen starvation of the muscle, often culminating in an acute and perhaps painful attack of heart failure.

Contrary to general belief, the mortality among private patients seen by these physicians while suffering the first attack of coronary disease was only 10 percent in 1953; now it is down to five percent. The rate among ward patients is higher.

Part of the improved recovery rate is due to finding more early and not-quite-typical cases among younger men, through greater diagnostic alertness, and a highly refined technique with the electrocardiograph involving the routine use of 12 leads in place of the usual three or four. These younger patients have a better chance of recovery. This is not merely a diagnostic stunt which improves statistics; it is a real lifesaver for these patients, who thus receive early warning of impending heart disease, and thus have a better chance to overcome it if they will heed medical advice.

A key point in the treatment of the patients reported in this series was underfeeding by the giving of a low caloric diet during the first week of the attack.

★

Follow-up on these patients after recovery showed that most of them had made a complete or satisfactory recovery, and were at work. Many had already outlived the attack for 10 years and were showing no signs of breakdown. This is directly in line with observations made in England, which showed that coronary patients, following their recovery, were less likely to have more trouble with their hearts if they pursued heavier occupations such as bus conductors or postmen, than if they were engaged in more sedentary occupations—clerks, executives and phone operators.

Another recent study showed the survival after a coronary attack to average about eight years; some have lived from 20 to 40 years. I know personally of a physician who has lived at least 15 years since his recovery from a coronary occlusion, and has achieved great things, too.

Out of 500 patients, of whom 415 were men, the average age at which the coronary occlusion developed was 53. After recovery, 41 percent were free from pain or other symptoms, while 42 percent felt such symptoms upon activity, but their activity was not greatly restricted. This means that four out of five patients made an excellent functional recovery, a finding which should go far to dispel pessimism about the future of the coronary patient. Eleven patients who had a second attack recovered a second time and went back to work.

★

The authors conclude that much of the current pessimism about coronary heart disease is unwarranted. It tends to make patients super-conscious of their hearts, and to develop symptoms through worry and anticipation of the worst, which are hard to distinguish from genuine heart symptoms. It is their belief that the life-span of the coronary patient is not adversely affected by returning to work, under proper conditions, of course.

Industry is commended and urged to continue its efforts and improve them, in placing the cardiac patient. If they can work, much of the apprehension which would otherwise result from financial worries is removed. So is the feeling of inferiority suffered from a sense of disability. This in turn reacts favourably upon the heart.

Knit While You Relax

Materials: 20 ozs. Mercury Double Knitting. 1 pair of No. 5 Knitting Needles. 3 Buttons.

Measurements: To fit 36-38 ins. Bust measurement. Length from shoulder 26 ins. Length of undersleeve seam 16 ins.

Tension: 2 patterns equal one inch in width and 6 rows equal one inch in depth. (No. 5 needles when pressed).

Abbreviations: K.—Knit; P.—Purl; Sts. — Stitches; Ins.—Inches; Tog.—Together; C2.—Knit into next st. but one, then knit first st., slipping both sts. off needle together (this crosses the second st. in front of the first st.); SKPO.—Slip one, knit one, pass slipped st. over.

BACK

Cast on 19 sts.

1st row: * P1, C2, repeat from * to last st., P1.

2nd row: * K1, P2, repeat from * to last st., K1.

Repeat these 2 rows until 90 rows have been worked. (16 ins. after pressing).

SHAPE RAGLAN

Right side facing and keeping in pattern:

Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

1st row: P1, C2, P1, SKPO, pattern to within 6 sts., K2tog P1, C2, P1.

2nd row: K1, P2, K1, P1, pattern to within 5 sts., P1, K1, P2, K1.

Repeat these 2 rows until 37 sts. remain.

Next row: P1, C2, P1, SKPO, (P1, K2tog) eight times, P1, K2tog. P1, C2, P1.

Cast off remaining 27 sts.

POCKET LININGS
(2 Required)

Cast on 23 sts.

1st row: * C2, P1, repeat from * to last 2 sts., C2.

2nd row: * P2, K1, repeat from * to last 2 sts., P2.

Repeat these 2 rows until 32 rows have been worked. Leave these sts. on a spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 61 sts.

1st row: * P1, C2, repeat from * to last 7 sts., P1, K6.

2nd row: K7, * P2, K1, repeat from * to end.

Repeat these 2 rows until 34 rows have been worked.

MAKE POCKET OPENING

Next row: (P1, C2) six times, P1, cast off next 23 sts., (C2, P1) four times, K6.

Next row: K7, (P2, K1) four times, with right side of pocket to wrong side of work, (P1, K1) seven times, P1, across 23 sts. on spare needle, (K1, P1) six times, K1. (61 sts).

Continue in pattern on these sts. until 90 rows have been worked from commencement. (16 ins. after pressing).

SHAPE RAGLAN

Right side facing and keeping in pattern:

1st row: Cast off 6 sts. pattern to within 6 sts., K6.

2nd row: K7, pattern to end.

3rd row: P1, C2, P1, SKPO, pattern to within 6 sts., K6.

4th row: K7, pattern to within 5 sts., P1, K1, P2, K1.

Repeat last 2 rows until 31 sts. remain, ending with a 3rd row.

SHAPE NECK

Wrong side facing and keeping in pattern:

Next row: Cast off 12 sts., pattern to end.

Still Shaping Raglan as before, K2tog. at neck edge on next 8 rows. (7 sts). Continue Shaping Raglan until 5 sts. remain.

Next row: P1, K1, P2, K1.

Next row: P1, C2, SKPO. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 61 sts.

1st row: K6, * P1, C2, repeat from * to last st., P1.

2nd row: * K1, P2, repeat from * to last 7 sts., K7.

Repeat these 2 rows until 34 rows have been worked.

MAKE POCKET OPENING

Next row: K6, (P1, C2) four times, P1, cast off next 23 sts., (C2, P1) six times.

Next row: (K1, P2) six times, K1, with right side of pocket to wrong side of work, (P2, K1) seven times, P2, across 23 sts. on spare needle, P1, (K1, P2) six times, K1. (97 sts).

Continue in pattern on these sts. until 88 rows have been worked from commencement. (14¾ ins. after pressing).

Make buttonhole as follows:

Next row: K2, cast off 2 sts., K1, P1, work in pattern to end.

Next row: Work in pattern to within 2 sts., cast on 2 sts., K2.

Work 7 rows more in pattern. (97 rows). (16 ins. after pressing).

SHAPE RAGLAN

Wrong side facing and keeping in pattern:

1st row: Cast off 6 sts., work in pattern to within 7 sts., K7.

2nd row: K6, (P1, C2) fourteen times, P1, K2tog. P1, C2, P1.

3rd row: K1, P2, K1, P1, work in pattern to within 7 sts., K7.

4th row: K6, * P1, C2, repeat from * to last 6 sts., K2tog. P1, C2, P1.

5th row: K1, P2, K1, P1, work in pattern to within 7 sts., K7.

Repeat last 2 rows until 47 sts. remain, ending with a 5th row. With right side of work facing and still Shaping Raglan, make a further buttonhole as before on next 2 rows. Continue Shaping Raglan as before until 34 sts. remain.

(Right side facing):

Make another buttonhole on next 2 rows.

Work 3 rows.

SHAPE NECK

Right side facing and keeping in pattern: Still Shaping Raglan as before, cast off 12 sts. at beginning of next row, then K2tog. at same edge on next 3 rows. (7 sts). Continue Shaping Raglan until 5 sts. remain.

Next row: K1, P2, K1, P1.

Next row: K2tog. C2, P1. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Cast on 49 sts. and work in pattern as Back, increasing one st. at each end of 5th and every following 6th row until 79 sts. are on needle. Continue in pattern on these sts. until 98 rows have been worked from commencement: (16 ins. after pressing).

SHAPE RAGLAN

Right side facing and keeping in pattern:

Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Next row: P1, C2, P1, SKPO, pattern to within 6 sts., K2tog. P1, C2, P1.

Next row: K1, P2, K1, P1, pattern to within 5 sts., P1, K1, P2, K1.

Repeat last 2 rows until 11 sts. remain.

Next row: P1, C2, P1, K2tog. P1, C2, P1.

Next row: K1, P2, K1, P1, K1, P2, K1.

Next row: P1, C2, P2tog. C2, P1. Cast off.

COLLAR

A

Cast on 97 sts.

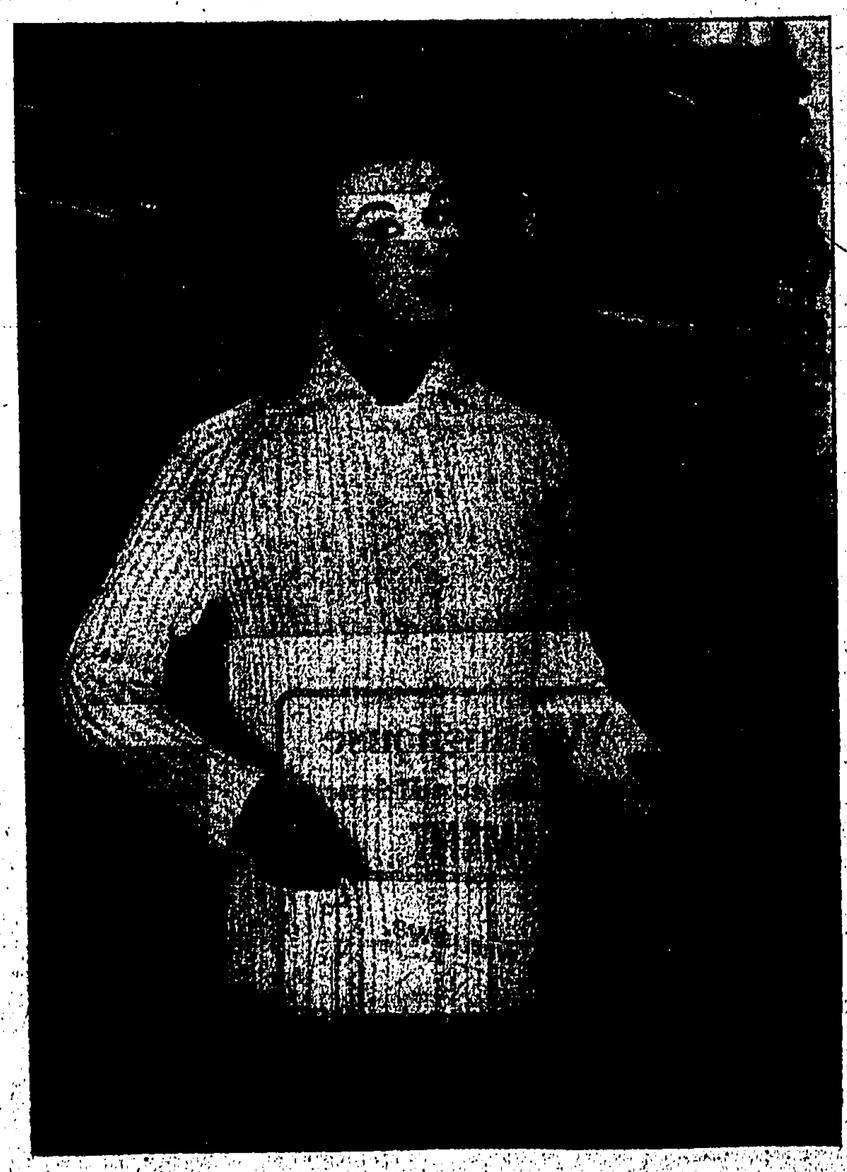
1st row: P1, C2, P1, SKPO, P1, * C2, P1, repeat from * to within 6 sts., K2tog. P1, C2, P1.

2nd row: K1, P2, K1, P1, K1, * P2, K1, repeat from * to within 5 sts., P1, K1, P2, K1.

Continue in pattern decreasing as before until 30 rows have been worked. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out and press each piece on wrong side under a damp cloth. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew pocket linings in position on wrong side. Sew on collar, placing centre of collar to centre back of neck and each end of collar 4 sts. from Front Edge. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Press all seams.



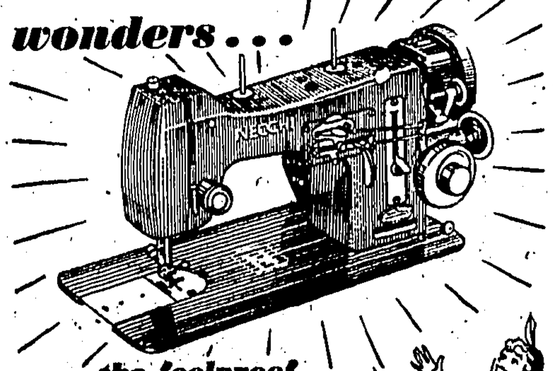
Household Hints

Add a pinch of salt when cooking very tart fruit; less sugar then will be needed.

* * *

You can buy crayon sticks to fill in and stain small scratches on mahogany or walnut woods. Apply the crayon, then rub with an oiled pad. After you've finished you can continue to go over the entire surface of the furniture with your regular wax or polish.

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Wodehouse, Noted British Penman

Not long ago Rene MacColl interviewed American detective story writer Raymond Chandler as though he were Chandler's own creation, "Private Eye" Philip Marlowe.

Now MacColl, returning to New York from San Francisco, has visited P. G. Wodehouse in his Long Island home, "three hours' drive from New York.

Wodehouse, captured in 1940 by German soldiers, horrified his millions of British fans by giving a series of five radio broadcasts under the auspices of the Goebbels propaganda organisation. Their content was not important—but the fact that Wodehouse was broadcasting from Germany while a prisoner cast a big cloud on the humorist's reputation.

Wodehouse has never returned to Britain since the war. Mrs Wodehouse, his devoted counsellor, visited London—alone—in 1948.

MacColl, in the role of Wodehouse's silly ass Bertie Wooster, takes up the tale.

By RENE MacCOLL

New York.

SINCE the weather—as Jeeves would say—appeared to be all too clement, I donned the dark blue tropical suiting fashioned of silk—but resisted the chocolate-coloured Panama straw hatting which was urged upon me by the chappie in the shop.

There are, I mean to say, certain standards which cannot lightly be abandoned by we Woosters.

After a jolly little hundred-mile jaunt per limousine I found myself at the estate—and a very fruity little estate too—of none other than Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, Esq., noted British penman.



MR & MRS P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Mr Wodehouse bade me welcome in a white nylon open-necked shirting, grey trousering made of a substance called seersucker, and brown canvas shoes.

After a quick bung-ho or two, we were joined by Mrs Ethel Wodehouse, who has been his helpmate for a total of 40 out of his 74 years.

Luncheon, served by what Jeeves would undoubtedly call a lady's lady of colour, consisted of melon balls roast veal, asparagus, lemon meringue pie.

The question

THE browsing and sluicing at an end we pushed off into the drawing-room for coffee, brandy—and questions.

Mr W., whose mien, although at all times charming and pleasant, had about it a faint hint of gentle melancholy, is at present bashing on his autobiography at an observed speed of 2,000 words per diem.

"Wodehouse, Esq.," I observed, "could I, to use the vernacular of this our host nation, pop the jolly old 64-dollar question?

"If you were back in Germany, a prisoner, and you had it all to do over again—would you do it?"

Not paid

THE melancholy that I had observed earlier settled down more thickly. "No, I wouldn't," he replied in a low-key tones.

"I never thought about there would be any trouble about those broadcasts—honestly not. They were—they were just a description of life at the camp. No harm meant — absolutely not."

"Were you paid for them?" went on Quizzer Wooster austerely.

"No," said Wodehouse.

"Will you ever come back to England? Is there any obstacle that you know of hindering the jolly old return trip?"

"There's no obstacle that I know of, but I'm afraid there's only a very slight likelihood of my return," said Woders, staring sadly at the floor.

"Why, dear?" Mrs W., now inquired.

"Because there is nothing to go back to," said Woders. He said it very mildly because, you know, mildness is the main thing you notice about him.

Please on no account tell any of my fellow members at the Drones Club, but at this point Wooster felt somewhat sorry for Wodehouse, Esq.

"He won't go back unless he's welcomed back," went on Mrs W. "Plummy" (that's a pet name) "Plummy is terribly hurt."

"No, I'm not," said Woders, still so quietly.

"There were ridiculous stories about me too," said Mrs W., "about my trunks and my evening dresses in Germany. Absurd!"

"Darling, we aren't trying to defend ourselves," said Woders, "there's nothing to defend."

'Could we?'

WODERS—and Wooster is not a sentimental sort of chappie—Woders at this point somehow got one.

Grey-haired bloke no longer young. Looking miserable. If Wooster had been sitting in judgment on the Bench, Wooster would have had difficulty in maintaining that stern, objective approach which magistrates and co. so require.

"We'd love to go back—but they mustn't treat us as criminals," cried Mrs W.

She gave it socko production. "Do you yourself—do you really think we could?" Woders asked me, diffidently still.

"Do you feel—if we turned up—quite casually, say next year, would it be all right?"

When a chap is put in a delicate spot with that sort of question I have often found that there is nothing like a ref to the old school tie to get things back on the even keel.

"How are your relations with your old school?" I asked. (Wodehouse went to Dulwich College in the long ago.)

"Oh, excellent," he eagerly rejoined. Old Alleynians write to me. I get the school magazine. I am president of the O.A. Association of New York—there are about 20 of us. Annual dinners, you know—that sort of thing."

So unreal

WODERS paused again. Some books about cricket were near him and the old mind flew back rather a hefty stretch to the days when I was at prep school myself and used to read the early Waders cricket stories in a now defunct boys' mag called "The Captain"—stirring stuff.

Pity about those broadcasts really.

"I don't know," Woders was murmuring, "it's a moot point about coming home. How would they receive me? When a thing happens to me it never seems to have any interest. Why should people be interested in me? The things that happen to me seem unreal."

Mr W. undoubtedly committed a pretty awesome boob back in 1940. But something tells me that if he were to turn up next year in London prepared to face the music—it might not be too untuneful. And perhaps he will.

For personally I think that P. G. Wodehouse, noted British penman, author of over 50 ribticklers and a regular contributor these days to Punch is not a happy character.

The manner may be serene. But not the noggin.

Again—not a word of this at the Drones Club, but he strikes me as a man with something on his conscience.



MEDITERRANEAN CROSSING

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WHY THIS PICTURE IS SO IMPORTANT



PICTURE shows the Kremlin party waiting at Moscow Airport to greet India's Premier Nehru: Vyacheslav Molotov on left, gesticulating: on the right in dark suit, grey hat in hand, Marshal Nikolai Bulganin, Malenkov's titular successor as Premier: in front of Malenkov stands Krushchev, the party secretary who is Malenkov's chief enemy.

by **SEFTON DELMER**

TAKE a good look at this picture. Do you see the podgy little fellow in the middle, with the white suit and the testy expression? That is Georgi Malenkov, the Kremlin head who was so spectacularly toppled from power five months ago.

• Not only is he still alive—in Soviet Russia deposition is normally followed by decapitation—but here he is right at the top again, surrounded by the very men who toppled him.*

And he is kicking too. Kicking his enemies. Just about the time this picture was taken Malenkov forced an apology out of Pravda, newspaper mouthpiece of Communist Party leader Nikita Krushchev.

Pravda, possibly at Krushchev's behest, had attacked Malenkov, accused him of inefficiency as head of the Ministry of Electrical Power Stations.

An apology

THE following day Pravda was made to publish an apology dictated by Malenkov himself. The party organ admitted having attacked Malenkov's Ministry in error. It had "confused" it with the Ministry for the Construction of Electrical Power Stations, so it said.

Yes, take a good look at this picture.

For the come-back of Malenkov that it illustrates is the most significant development in the Soviet Union since the Cold War began.

Evidence which has become available only now proves that this plump little man with the drooping forelock, whom Stalin trained to succeed him is the heretic of heretics. He has repudiated the Lenin-Stalin theory that a war with Western Capitalism is inevitable and that it must lead to the triumph of Communism.

Malenkov, impressed by the new atomic and hydrogen weapons, has put forward a new theory, shattering to the old creed.

"A new war," he declared on March 12, 1954, "in view of the modern means of warfare, means the destruction of world civilisation."

In other words, war cannot achieve the destruction of Capitalism and the triumph of Communism. War today means the destruction of both worlds.

Peaceful competition between Socialism and Capitalism is the only possible road to Socialist victory, in the view of Malenkov.

The forces

IT is for this theory that he was overthrown by the Kremlin Old Guard, led by Molotov and Bulganin.

That he should have survived his overthrow and be in a position today to dictate apologies to the leading Communist organ can mean only one thing: there are forces in post-Stalin Russia who are prepared to believe that heretic Malenkov has something.

What are these forces?

Well, take another look at that picture. Standing in the background with rifles ready for the "Present," is a tiny section of what may be one of them: THE ARMY.

My information is that General Georgi Zhukov—who has been writing letters to his old comrade in arms President Eisenhower—is, if not openly sympathetic to Malenkov's heretical realism, at least prepared to listen to him. What is more, he is ready to see that Malenkov remains alive and in a position to talk.

A second force consists of the younger members of the party, the technocrats, the managers.

Do not overlook the important fact that the party machine throughout the Soviet Union has not yet been touched by Krushchev.

Key men

IT has remained exactly as Malenkov rearranged it at the end of 1952. The key men whom he put in then are still in their positions today.

I suspect that it would be difficult for Krushchev to remove them without a purge.

And army boss Zhukov is determined to avoid that.

But do not let this picture and my interpretation of it encourage anyone to believe that the old aggressive Russia is dead, or that new regime is so weak that we need only give a little push and it will come tumbling down.

What I am saying is that the first shoots of a new Soviet attitude have come up in the black earth of Russia. We must nurse them with carefully planned diplomacy.

We should not forget for one moment during the summit talks at Geneva that it is the old guard of Molotov and Bulganin which is on top today in Moscow. That it is the old guard we are meeting in Geneva.

Molotov and Bulganin have repudiated the Malenkov line as defeatism. Said Molotov the day after Malenkov's fall: "It is not world civilisation that will perish" *(from a new war)* "but the decaying system of which bloodthirsty imperialism is the core."

Preparations

THAT is a line which has been echoing up and down the Soviet world ever since... that Malenkov is the victim of his own nerves and Western propaganda.

Nor have the Kremlin leaders been sparing any efforts to assure that their new version of Lenin's dream should come true.

They have taken a whole series of measures to get the country ready for atomic war—dividing the Soviet Union into 11 defence districts, each of which is to be self-sufficient.

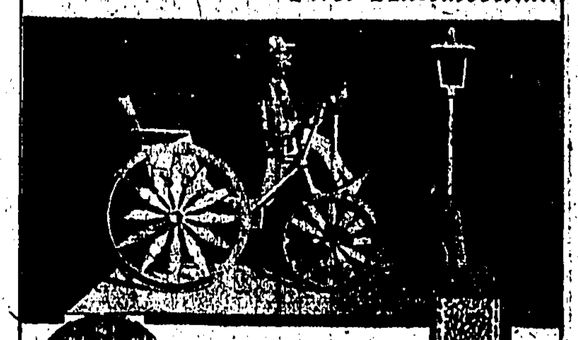
And—this is particularly important in view of unusually heavy Soviet purchases of wheat, sugar, wool, rubber, and other storable raw materials abroad—each of them is being equipped with an exceptionally large stockpile of reserve materials.

These preparations, though well under way, still require time. Time which these diehards hope to get from the West in Geneva.

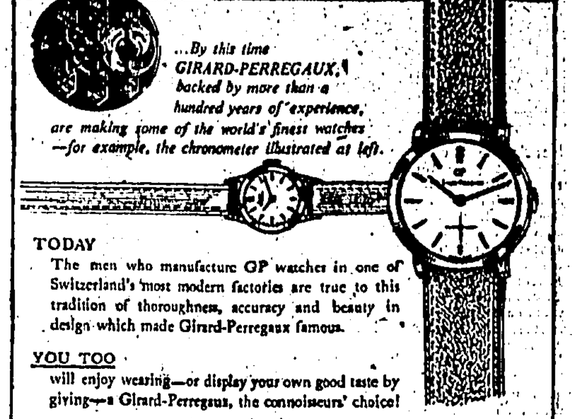
Shrewd Western leadership should be aware of this. But it should do everything it can—by its attitude at the talks—to foster conditions in the Soviet world in which the Malenkov heresy can flourish.

A heresy which, as you can see from this very important picture, is growing right within the Kremlin.

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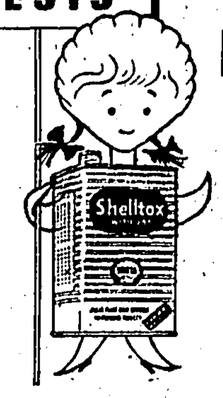
If your child persists in the disfiguring and insanitary habit of nail biting, you can now help him (or her) to stop it. Just paint on 'Nilbite,' the new harmless liquid which usually stops the habit in 3 or 4 days. Contains no aloes, no quassia and no quinine. Invisible, stainless, 100% effective; washes off with soap and water. One bottle of 'Nilbite' is sufficient for the most persistent case. From all dispensaries and stores.

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by OSBERT LANCASTER



PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

BURIAL IN THE ABBEY In Westminster Abbey last week, beside the tombs of England's kings, lay the body of Christopher James Blaney, road-sweeper. Like the coffin of a sovereign, it bore a richly embroidered pall and at each end stood gleaming candlesticks.

They carried him into the Abbey in solemn procession, and in St. George's Chapel they read the service for this man who used to sweep the roads.

The story?

For 16 years Christopher Blaney had been gatekeeper in one of the Abbey's yards. Before that he had worked for 28 years as a road-sweeper in Westminster, and laboured in the Abbey's shadow.

He helped guard the Abbey, as a firewatcher, in wartime. He was there when Princess Elizabeth married and when she was crowned Queen.

Eight months ago Christopher, aged 74, found his sight failing. It meant the end of the job.

"Without the Abbey he was lost," his widow said.

But the Abbey was true to the ancient tradition that all its servants lay in state among the nation's kings.

* * *

DEATH LEAP A trout preferred a death leap to being served with parsley on some gourmet's plate at a fashionable sea-food restaurant in London's West End.

As a chef was plucking it from a tank, ready to kill and cook it, it wriggled free on to the windowsill, gave one more wriggle and fell three floors to the pavement.

Said a waiter afterwards: "I put it back into water. It swam round twice, looked up at me and died."

* * *

GEISHA ARMY Ancient bullet-headed generals and veteran NCO's of the old Imperial Army hammered their sake glasses on club and bar tables in despairing fury recently, for the High Command of the new Japanese army had announced that, "to introduce more dash, colour and attraction into army life," it had been decided to arrange honourable classes in flower arrangement, music, painting and singing for all ranks of the armed forces of Nippon.

The High Command admitted that it was dissatisfied with the morals of new recruits and discouraged by the lagging enlistment figures.

"They are geisha girls in trousers!" rumbled old General Oyuma. "Even the Italian Army never went this far."

* * *

POTATOES TO YOU! The common or garden spud has been getting studious attention from weather experts at the headquarters of the World's Meteorological Organisation in Geneva. The news came out with the words:

"The World's Meteorological Organisation communicates the following information . . . The grass root of the matter is that the experts have produced a technical note on how to use weather data to forecast potato blight."

But when Farmer Brown gets down to make a forecast from the weather report with this technical note at his elbow he might find it a trifle difficult.

For the weather experts say: "An attempt is made to survey in a broad way the different fundamental form that the disease-weather relationship can take, to examine the methods of determining and expressing the criteria for disease and test warnings and to classify plant disease and test the bulletins, and to consider the limitations which may attend the short term warnings."

Phew!

The experts emphasise that "it was because of the failure of the potato crop in Ireland which led to the great famine of 1846 and was thus one of the causes of the Irish emigration to the U.S."

* * *

LACKING FLAVOUR The Africans who gave away a fortune in diamonds because they thought they were salt are cooling their heels in gaol in Abidjan Ivory Coast.

The diamonds, stolen from a local airport, were passed on to a woman who tried to use them to flavour her food. She threw them out when she discovered that her food remained unseasoned.

Another part of the loot is believed to be in the hands of a local sorcerer, but police are thinking twice about approaching him. His hut is guarded by a boa constrictor and seven alligators.

* * *

COSTLY BANGS Farmer Leslie Green of Bishops Waltham, is wishing there was no such thing as the sound barrier. For it has already cost him about £6,000.

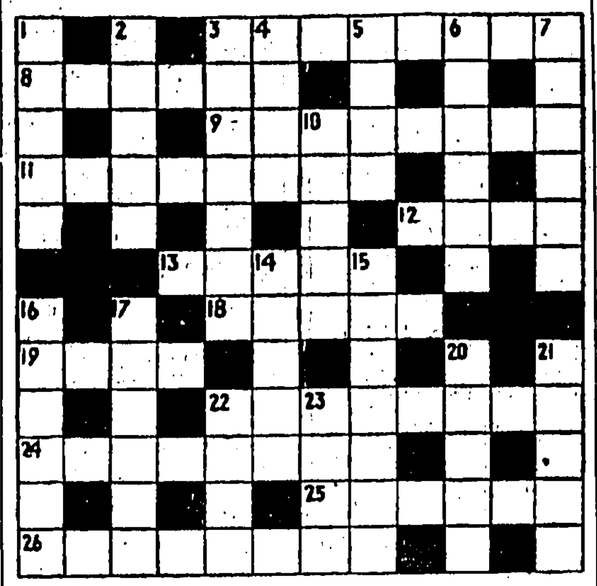
Health authorities last week condemned 5,000 of his tomato plants because they were filled with minute glass splinters caused when the blast of an aircraft supersonic bang shattered 174 panes of glass in his greenhouses recently.

"The splinters must have been forced into the green tomatoes by the blast of a bang we had several weeks ago," he said. "It was not until the tomatoes began to ripen that we saw the minute marks in the skins."

Mr Green's troubles with the jet age began earlier this year when he lost 28,000 lettuces in the same way.

The government has compensated Green to the extent of only £1,000.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

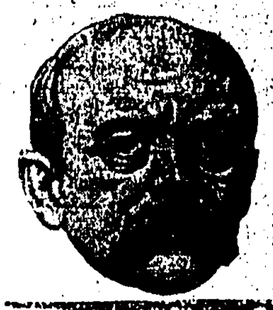
3 Blamed (8).
8 Delay (6).
9 Disturbs (8).
11 Royal lady (8).
12 Tie up a boat (4).
13 Planet (5).
18 Staggers (5).
19 Peruse (4).
22 Renegade (8).
24 Muddled (8).
25 Fruit (6).
26 Of evil omen (8).

DOWN

1 Clutches (5).
2 Denude (5).
3 Firework (7).
4 Border (4).
5 Complete collections (4).
6 Quota (6).
7 Abandon (6).
10 Outcome (5).
14 Hot drink (5).
15 Slim (7).
16 Summary (6).
17 Gun (6).
20 Foolishness (5).
21 Tale (5).
22 Buckets (4).
23 Army corps (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Overawed, 7 Tramp, 8 Erupting, 10 Galore, 13 Emerald, 15 Heat, 17 Errands, 18 Destine, 20 Erne, 21 Targets, 20 Desist, 27 Careless, 28 Trend, 29 Nosebags. Down: 1 Stage, 2 Fable, 3 Opera, 4 Ripe, 5 Whiten, 6 Sights, 9 Relent, 11 Amber, 12 Orate, 14 Dreads, 15 Hangs, 16 Adits, 18 Deacon, 19 Snares, 22 Rests, 23 Elder, 24 Study, 25 Club.

THE MAN in the Iron Mask



Europe thought of Bismarck as the tough, relentless Prussian—the Iron Chancellor. There was another Bismarck... the weeping Bismarck, the man whose nerves could not stand the field of battle.

George Malcolm Thomson on BOOKS

BISMARCK. By A. J. P. Taylor. Hamish Hamilton. 18s. 286 pages.

THE public legend of Bismarck is simple and severe: the "Iron Chancellor" who spoke with relish of "blood and iron"; the Junker statesman who cunningly lured Austria and France into disastrous war; the diplomat in the helmet and moustache of a Prussian officer; the devoted servant of his King and Kaiser.

How very different was Bismarck the man! How much more complex! A. J. P. Taylor shows the truer quality of this strange, not wholly unsympathetic character who has chosen to appear before history in masquerade.

A bundle of nerves; given to fits of weeping when he failed to get his way; with delicate hands and a reedy voice. He found the society of his fellow-Junkers intolerantly boring—took after his clever, sophisticated mother, whom he could not forgive for her refusal to love him.

Without leave

As for the idea that Bismarck was the austere embodiment of the Prussian ideal of service—he was an incorrigibly insubordinate junior civil servant. When he went absent without leave to pursue an English heiress, he informed his superiors that "he by no means intended to give the government an account of his personal relations."

He did his best to escape military service by pleading a pain in his right arm; was bored stiff in his Potsdam barracks, and won—as the sole military decoration he earned—a life-saving medal for rescuing a corporal who had fallen into a ditch.

As minister in attendance on his king at the Battle of Sadowa, Bismarck was alarmed by his master's passion for being under fire. When loyal expostulation had failed a surreptitious kick delivered by the minister at the flank of the king's horse brought both to safety.

An eccentric

His favourite reading was the English classical novels, especially Tristram Shandy. He saw himself as an eccentric on the same pattern.

Young Bismarck rode hallooing through the woods; seduced peasants' daughters; released a fox in a lady's drawing-room. He was called The Mad Junker. At one moment he thought of joining the British Army in India, but reflected: "What harm have the Indians done to me?"

Taking a nice plain wife, named Johanna, he also took up her religion—"I like piety in women and"—a dig at his mother—"have a horror of feminine cleverness."

When, on the verge of 50, he fell wildly in love with pretty, gay, 22-year-old Kathie Orlov, wife of the elderly Russian ambassador in Brussels, he told Johanna how charming his mistress was. Johanna felt she should have been jealous, but confessed that instead she was pleased. Every summer Bismarck would spend a few weeks at Biarritz with Kathie; to the day of his death he wore on his watch chain an onyx medallion she had given him.

One side of the man was sentimental and romantic; it was not the only side. Although he found happiness only in his family, he destroyed the happiness of his adored eldest son Herbert. Herbert wanted to marry a divorced princess who was—and this was the real offence—related to an old enemy of Bismarck. Bismarck threatened to have Herbert sacked from the civil service: prevailed on the emperor to exclude from the entail on his estates anyone who married a divorced woman; threatened suicide. In the end, Bismarck won.

He was extraordinarily rancorous. The only time he was wounded in a student duel he swore that it was by a foul—and 30 years later had not forgiven the incident.

At the age of 30, Bismarck was given a high diplomatic post. He had no experience and no qualms. He never doubted that it was a suitable appointment. Was he not the only clever Junker? "I shall do my duty. It is God's affair to give me understanding."

18 brandies

Doing his duty, as he and the God of Luther saw it, Bismarck became the dominant statesman of the nineteenth century, quelling the hostile Berlin Parliament with his haughty lorgnette—and with speeches, sustained by as many as 18 tumblers of brandy and water.

He had many political devices, but one undeviating purpose—"The secret of politics? Make a good treaty with Russia!"

Making a good treaty with Russia, Bismarck could without fear spread Prussian power West and South.

One man alone spoke back to him, his doctor.

"I don't like being asked questions," said Bismarck. "Then get a vet," retorted Dr Schweniger. "He doesn't question his patients."

In the hour of Bismarck's downfall, when young Kaiser Wilhelm II dismissed him, the old fox contrived to humiliate his victor. He appeared to be trying clumsily to conceal papers in a dispatch case. Falling into the trap, the Kaiser demanded to see them, snatched them. One was a letter from the Tsar, calling the Kaiser "badly brought up and untrustworthy."

Secret papers

He carried off from his official residence 300 packing-cases of secret papers (property of the state), and 13,000 bottles of wine (property of Bismarck). He was seen off at the station by all the high officials of the German Empire; a military band played a slow march. "A state funeral with full honours," said Bismarck, as he settled back in the cushions of his compartment.

During the years of retirement in his hideously furnished country house ("the essential thing is to *eat well*"), the Kaiser's health was drunk at Bismarck's table in deadly silence; the china from his pocket were laid out with the Imperial eagle uppermost "so as not to see that false face."

The servant of four Prussian kings said to the English republican, Sir Charles Dilke, "The rule of kings is the rule of women. The bad women are bad and the good are worse." Yet no woman, good or bad, had any part in his fall.

As for the politics he could no longer make yet could not leave alone, he saw, as old men do, only troubles ahead—"The crash will come twenty years after my departure."

Bismarck was right, as A. J. P. Taylor points out in this boisterous portrait of a subtle, fascinating, personality—it might almost be a monk.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

The Gentle Art Of Dozing

BY HARRY WEINERT



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

"Encounter In The Balkan Express" By The Stage Club

"Wednesday Theatre" this week features a satire, "Encounter in the Balkan Express," by Wolfgang Hildesheimer, translated by Harvey Unna.

In this story of intrigue, forgeries and espionage, the leading characters are Guiscard, who boasts—"I have forged the Mona Lisa. Yes, the Mona Lisa you travel to admire in the Paris Louvre is by me. And I have given a certain country her National Painter"—and a Lady, who, as she is described as wearing dark glasses and smoking Russian cigarettes from a long ivory cigarette holder, is obviously a spy.

The adventures of these two bizarre characters, in their "Encounter in the Balkan Express" can be heard at half past nine on Wednesday evening. The leading roles are taken by Audrey Mendes and Hugh Sullivan, and the play is produced for the Hongkong Stage Club by Timothy Birch.

In "This Week" at 7.30 this evening, Captain McTavish, at present on his last voyage as the Captain of the s.s. 'Glengarry', talks about his 35 years at sea; C. E. Terry and Dr Dancey-Browning discuss plans being made for the welfare of the blind in Hongkong; Producer Chang Kuo-sin explains the dilemma in which the Hongkong Film Industry now finds itself, and Mr and Mrs Ted Anson tell how they won a 'round-the-world' flight by inventing a trade slogan. "This Week" is compiled and introduced by Timothy Birch.

BRITISH GRAND PRIX

This evening at 10.25 listeners interested in motor racing can hear a broadcast of the start of the British Grand Prix, the biggest motor racing event of the year in Britain.

This race, in which drivers from all over the world will be competing, since the Grand Prix counts towards the World Championship, will be held on the new motor racing circuit at Aintree instead of the old aerodrome circuit at Silverstone.

RECITAL

The well-known Russian pianist Paul Vinogradoff was recently in the Colony, after a concert tour in Japan, and before he left he recorded another programme of piano music from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong.

His programme this time includes "Sonata in one movement" by Scriabin, and "Le Campanella" by Paganini, transcribed by Liszt, and it can be heard at 9 p.m. on Wednesday.

FEATURE

On Tuesday evening at 9.30, Radio Hongkong will be broadcasting a radio-dramatic account of the diplomatic events leading up to the outbreak of the Second World War on September 3, 1939.

"Prelude to War" traces the course day by day of the diplomatic tactics during the eleven months that separated the Munich agreement from the outbreak of war.

From Cabinet meetings, conferences, personal visits, official notes and other papers, reports and quotations tell the story of the German moves in Europe, the alliances and agreements made between European powers, and finally, the collapse of all efforts in diplomacy.

The programme was compiled by Sir Lewis Namier, Professor of Modern History at Manchester University, and is introduced by another eminent political historian, Dr Alan Bullock. It was recorded by the BBC—the producer—Laurence Gilliam.

HMS NEWCASTLE BAND

As usual when HMS Newcastle is in port, the ship's company enlivens the Hongkong entertainment world. This time they have two contributions to make—firstly the Band, conducted by Band Master Sumner, LRAM, will play for half an hour on Tuesday evening at 6.03, by kind permission of Vice Admiral R.J. Elkins, CB, DSO, and in a lighter vein, the ship's Concert Party, the Magpies, have recorded two fifteen-minute programmes which will be heard later in the month.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second and on 3940 kilocycles, 76.14 metres.)

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE WAIKIKI HULA BOYS.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. Charles Williams and his Concert Orch. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
2.00 OLD TIME BALLROOM. With Sydney Thompson and his Orchestra.
2.30 A VISIT TO JAZZLAND.
3.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Rosemary.
4.00 STUDIO: FORCES' CHOICE. Presented by William Holyman.
4.30 "THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR." By Sir Walter Scott. Part 3—'Ravenswood is Rejected.'
5.00 MUSIC FROM RIO—FAFA LEMOS AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Brazil; Nem Eu; Ita No Norte; Mama Eu Quero; Risque; Madalena; Bala; Nos Tres; Gracioso; Ninguem Me Ama.
5.30 MELODIES YOU REMEMBER. Westminster Light Orchestra.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: UNIT REQUESTS. Presented by Linda. Calling: R.A.F. Station Sek Kong.
7.00 STUDIO: "JUKE BOX PARADE." Presented by Nick Kendall.
7.30 "THIS WEEK." News, reports and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong. Compiled by Timothy Birch.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 EVENING STAR — MARIO LANZA (TENOR). Night and Day; Siboney; Beautiful Love; Yesterdays; Without a Song—with orch. cond. by Ray Sinatra.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY).
8.45 PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S BROADCAST. On the eve of his departure for the Geneva Conference.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. STUDIO: SPORTS CAVALCADE. Edited by Brig Young. Produced by John Wallace.
9.30 ECHOES OF THE THEATRE. "King's Rhapsody" (Novello). Someday my heart will awake; Take your girl—Vanessa Lee, Olive Gilbert (vocal); Muranian Rhapsody—Narrator: Ivor Novello; The Gates of Paradise—Vanessa Lee, Olive Gilbert and Denis Martin (vocal); The violin began to play—Vanessa Lee, (vocal); Coronation Scene and Finale—Vanessa Lee, Olive Gilbert with chorus & organ all with Harry Acres and his Orch.
10.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS. Waiting for the Robert E. Lee—Lu Watters & his Yerba Buena Jazz Band with vocal; Ace in the Hole—Lu Watters and his Yerba Buena Jazz Band with vocal; Twilight in Rio—Victor Silvester and the Silver Strings; Bolivia—Victor Silvester and the Silver Strings; El Conquistador—Victor Silvester and the Silver Strings; Liebestraume—Victor Silvester and the Ballroom Orch; The Touch of your hand; Charmaine; Falling in love with love; One Kiss—Tommy Dorsey and his Orch. with chorus.
10.25 COMMENTARY ON START OF THE R.A.C. BRITISH GRAND PRIX (LONDON RELAY).
10.42 (approx.) TAKE YOUR PARTNERS. Rumba Rhapsody—Rafael Audinot (piano); Pare Cochero—Megre singing, in Spanish; El Mondonguero—Machito singing, in Spanish; Ever lovin' Rag; Al Fresco—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, featuring Fred Kreitzer and Buddy Brennan at the twin pianos; Blacksmith Blues—Lita Roza (vocal) with Ted Heath and his Music; Half as much—Lita Roza (vocal) with Johnny Douglas and his Orch.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.09 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Poor little rich girl; Ramona—Waltz; Sweet and lovely; The lady is a tramp; Young and healthy; Thanks for the memory; Avalon—Ted Heath and his Music. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Sunday

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, PROGRAMME SUMMARY, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPORTS RESULTS.
10.15 MORNING MELODY.
10.30 RELAY OF THE CELEBRATION OF MASS FROM ST JOSEPH'S CHURCH. Preacher: The Rev. Father T.J. Sheridan, SJ.
11.20 INTERLUDE:
11.30 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. The BBC Scottish Orchestra cond. by Ian Whyte.
12.00 SONGS FROM "DEEP IN MY HEART" (ROMBERG).
12.15 p.m. STUDIO: SPORTS TIME.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 VARIETY HIGHLIGHTS.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT. Pictures at an Exhibition (Mussorgsky) — Julius Katchen (piano). FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
2.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Brenda.
3.00 EDUCATING ARCHIE. With Peter Brough and Archie Andrews.
3.30 STUDIO: HOME REQUESTS. Presented by Brenda.
4.30 GUILTY PARTY. A panel of experts solve a problem, set by Edward J. Mason. "Death Insurance."
5.00 HARRY PARRY'S RECORD SESSION. Lucky Black Cat, Male Quartet; Mad about you, Mary Bryant; St Louis Blues—Mambo, Orch; Just one of those things, Frank Sinatra; Sand Paper Ballet, Leroy Anderson Orch; Let's try again, Tony Martin with chorus; Top Gear, Ken Macintosh and his Orch; Love, your spell is everywhere, Sammy Davies Jnr.; There's no business like show business, Ethel Merman.
5.30 THE MUSIC OF LEROY ANDERSON. Belle of the Ball; Plink, plank, plunk; Blue Tango; Horse and Buggy; China Doll; The Penny Whistle song; Fiddle-Faddle; The Phantom Regiment—Leroy Anderson and his "Pops" Concert Orch; Serenata—The Grosvenor Concert Orch. cond. by Peder Van Zuider; Jazz Pizzicato—Ambrose and his Orch.
6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 THE RAY CHARLES CHORUS. "Takes you to far away places." Far Away Places; Moon of Mana Koora; Foggy Day in London; Moon over Miami; April in Paris; It happened in Monterrey; Beyond the sea; Slow Boat to China. INTERLUDE.
6.30 FORCES' EVENING SERVICE (CONCERT HALL). Conducted by the Rev. R. J. Cribb, CF, and the Forces' Choir cond. by Major Hind.
7.00 HOLLYWOOD BOWL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Orpheus in the Underworld—Overture (Offenbach); Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (Liszt); Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda" (Ponchielli)—John Barnett (cond.)
7.30 THIRTY MINUTE THEATRE. "A warning to the curious," by M. R. James. Produced by Philip Donnellan.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 SONGS FROM OPERA.
8.30 "RODNEY STONE." A serial in seven episodes by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, dramatised by David Stringer. Episode 5: 'Foul Play.'
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. THE SUNDAY CONCERT.
10.15 FROM THE WEEKLIES (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).
10.30 FROM HEAVENLY HARMONY. Laetentur Coeli (Let the heavens rejoice) (Fr. Domenico Stella, O. F. M. Conv.); Alla Luce D'una Stella (In the light of a star) (Fr. Domenico Stella, O.F.M., Conv.)—Choir of St Francis of Assisi cond. by Fr. Gian Francesco Capponi, O.F.M., Conv.; Kyrie (Score Nos. 1 to 3) (from "Mass in B minor") (Bach) — Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (sop.), Marga Hoffgen (contr.) and Chorus & Orch. of the Society of the Friends of Music with organ & Harpsichord cond. by Herbert Von Karajan.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.09 EPILOGUE (RECORDED). Conducted by the Rev. Father E. Sullivan, SJ. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 DOUBLE ATTRACTION. Larry Adler (harmonica with orch.), Jackie Brown & his Orch. (with vocal).
1.00 TIME SIGNAL. ANDRE KOSTELANETZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 MUSIC FOR YOU. Eric Robinson and his Concert Orchestra with Raymond Cohen.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: CHILDREN'S HALF HOUR. Presented by Sally Ann.
6.30 AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINE.
6.45 ACCENT ON RHYTHM. North Rampart Street March (Joseph "Sharkey" Bonano—Alvin L. Dorin Sr.); If I had you; Dinah—Bugle & vocal by "Bugle Sam" DeKemel—Sharkey and his Kings of Dixieland; Bring me another jug of wine—Tony Fontaine and the Smith Brothers (vocal); Train of Love—Mindy Carson and Guy Mitchell (vocal); Bluin' the Blues—Sid Phillips and his Orch.; Pretty little black-eyed Susie — Guy Mitchell (vocal); You'll never get away—The Holidays (vocal); Ballin' the Jack; Kiddin' with Chopin; I ain't gonna give nobody none o' this Jelly Roll — English and Cajun French vocal by Lizzie Miles—Sharkey and his Kings of Dixieland.
7.15 "BOX 200." Bert Gillett at the organ.
7.30 STUDIO: ANNOUNCER'S CHOICE.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 PERCY FAITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA. "Music from Hollywood." Genevieve — Burt Taylor (vocal); Theme from "The Bad and the Beautiful"; Caribbean Night (from "Starlift"); The loveliest night of the year—with chorus.
8.30 EDMUNDO ROS AND HIS ORCHESTRA. A programme of Latin American music.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. CONCERTO. Concerto Grosso Op. 6 No. 8 in G minor (Corelli)—Vienna Symphony Orch. conducted by John Pritchard; Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 in F major (J. S. Bach)—Arthur Haneuse (trumpet), Joseph Bopp (flute), Edgar Shann (oboe), Petru Manoliu (violin) and The Chamber Orch. of Basel conducted by Paul Sacher.
9.30 ELIZABETHAN THEATRE. Written by H. A. L. Craig and R. D. Smith. No. 10—'The Shoemaker's Holiday.'
10.00 STUDIO: "INTERNATIONAL CABARET." Presented by Denise Brabant.
10.30 FOUR BANDS PARTY. Lee Roy, Dan Terry, Les Elgart and Pete Rugolo. The Charleston—Lee Roy and his Band; Southern Fried—Dan Terry's Orch.; The Varsity Drag—Les Elgart's Orch.; Early Stan — Pete Rugolo's Orch.; That Old Black Magic—Pete Rugolo's Orch.; Lazy Alley—Dan Terry's Orch.; Band-Stand Boogie — Les Elgart's Orch.; Indian Giver — Lee Roy and his Band; The Creep — Lee Roy and his Band; It's crazy — Nat "King" Cole (vocal) and Pete Rugolo's Orch.; Man on the beat—Lee Roy (baritone sax) and his Band.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.09 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Sonata No. 12 (Pergolesi)—Nathan Milstein (violin) with Carlo Bussotti (piano); Romance in G major, Op. 40 (Beethoven); Romance in F major, Op. 50 (Beethoven) — Emil Telmanyi (violin) with the Danish State Radio Symphony Orch. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Tuesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.15 p.m. STUDIO: MORNING PRAYERS. By the Very Rev. F.S. Temple.
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND ROUND.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL. TUNES YOU'VE WHISTLED. Charlie Kunz (piano) with rhythm accomp. Charles Kunz Piano Medley Vol. 5 (Pt. 2).
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 CONCERT BY THE BAND OF H.M.S. "NEWCASTLE" (RECORDED). Conducted by Bandmaster P. A. Sumner L.R.A.M. By kind permission of Vice Admiral R. T. Elkins, C.B., D.S.O.
6.30 STUDIO: "FIRST HEARING." Presented by Alex Borrie.
7.00 SUNDOWN SERENADE.
7.30 STUDIO: LA DEMI-HEURE FRANCAISE. Presentation de M. Laversanne. 'Concerto d'Yves Nat.'
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 SONGS OF THE NATIONS — ARGENTINE.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY).
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. STUDIO: MUSICAL NOTEBOOK. Presented by the Rev. Father T. F. Ryan, SJ.
9.30 'PRELUDE TO WAR.' The diplomatic prelude to the Second World War. A radio-dramatic account compiled by Professor Sir Lewis Namier.
10.30 AT THE BALLET. "Die Puppenfee" (The Doll Fairy) (Josef Bayer); "Zar und Zimmermann" (Czar and Carpenter)—Vienna Symphony Orch. conducted by Wilhelm Loibner.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.09 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Prelude and Fugue No. 20 in A minor ("The Well-tempered Clavier" Book 2) (Bach)—Rosalyn Tureck (piano); Italian Concerto in F major (Bach); Prelude and Fugue in B flat ("The Well-Tempered Clavier", Book II No. 21) (Bach) — Wilhelm Backhaus (piano). GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Wednesday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. The BBC Northern Orchestra conducted by John Hopkins.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: LUCKY DIP — VARIETY REQUESTS. Presented by Jean.
7.00 THE JAPANESE KABUKI THEATRE (RECORDED). The fourth in a series of five talks by A. C. Scott.
7.15 JENNY HOWARD, ENGLISH COMEDIENNE (RECORDED). Introduced by Percy King. With Vic Cristobal at the piano.
7.30 LONDON STUDIO MELODIES. Mantovani and his Orchestra.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 COMPOSER OF THE WEEK—COUPERIN. Le Rossignol en Amour (sop. Recorder) — Carl Dolmetsch (recorder) and Joseph Saxby (Harpsichord); Les vieux Seigneurs; Les Jeunes Seigneurs (from "The Harpsichord Suite No. 24")—Eta Harich Schneider (Harpsichord); 3rd Lesson (from "Lecons des Tenebres pour le Mercredi Saint") — Nadine Sautereau (sop.) and Janine Collard (contr.); Tic Toc Choc Ou Les Maillotins—Monique Haas (piano).
8.45 GYPSY NIGHTS. Gypsy Melody—Veres Lajos and his Hungarian Orch.; Yugoslav Rhapsody—Played and sung by Members of the National Yugoslav Dance Theatre; Gypsy Melody—Veres Lajos and his Hungarian Orch.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. PIANO RECITAL. By Paul Vinogradov (recorded). Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue by Bach, arr. Busoni; Sonata in one movement by Scriabin; La Companella (Paganini, tras. by Liszt).
9.30 WEDNESDAY THEATRE — "ENCOUNTER IN THE BALKAN EXPRESS" (RECORDED). A comedy by Wolfgang Hildesheimer. English version by Harvey Unna. The Cast: Robert Guiscard, Hugh Sullivan; Liane, Audrey Mendes; An Eastern Potentate, Jan Dekker; An Art Dealer, Arthur Massey; An Engine Driver, Peter van Vliet; A Fireman, Arthur Massey; A Guard, Rei Oblitas; An Old Lady, Aileen Dekker; Prime Minister, Alex Borrie; The Duke, Rei Oblitas; The Tourist's Guide, Arthur Massey; Mr Pratt, Alex Borrie—Produced for the Hongkong Stage Club by Timothy Birch.
10.15 (approx.) LESLIE BRIDGEWATER AND THE WESTMINSTER LIGHT ORCHESTRA.
10.30 RHYTHM AND ROMANCE. As Long as I live; A Good Man is hard to find—George Wettling's Jazz Band; The Song is you—Brad Reynolds (vocal); The Touch of Your Hand—Evelyn Wyckoff and Harry Stockwell (vocal); The Way you look tonight — orch. — Robert Trendler and His Orch. and Chorus; Rhythm King—Bix Beiderbecke & his Orch.; Dinah—Johnny Meyer (accordion) with instrumental accomp.; If you go—Archie Lewis (vocal) with Jan Corduwener's Orch.; Laura—Dolf van der Linden and his Metropole Orch.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.09 GOODNIGHT MUSIC. Brigg Fair—An English Rhapsody (Delius); On hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring (Delius)—Anthony Collins conducting the London Symphony Orch. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 CLOSE DOWN.

Thursday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 NOTHING BUT MUSIC.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 POPULAR CONCERT. George Weldon conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 STUDIO: JAZZ HALF HOUR. Presented by Robert Acheson.
6.30 STUDIO: PORTUGUESE HALF HOUR.
7.00 SIDNEY TORCH AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Mediterranean Concerto; Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.
7.15 "PETER PAN" — VOCAL SELECTIONS FROM THE BROADWAY PRODUCTION. Starring Mary Martin and Cyril Richard. Overture; Tender Shepherd; I've gotta crow; Never, never land; I'm flying; Hook's Tango; Indians; Wendy; I won't grow up; Oh, my mysterious lady; Ugg-a-wugg; Distant Melody; Hook's Waltz; Reprise; Tender Shepherd; Reprise: I won't grow up; Reprise: Never, never land.
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 SYMPHONIC POEM "STENKA RAZIN", OP. 13 (GLAZOUNOV). Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.
8.30 JOURNEY INTO SPACE. Written and produced by Charles Chilton. Episode 6.
9.00 TIME SIGNAL. WHAT'S THE FORM (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).
9.15 AT THE OPERA. "Manon Lescaut" Acts 3 & 4 (Puccini). Manon Lescaut (soprano), Renata Tebaldi; The Chevalier des Grieux (tenor), Mario Del Monaco; Lescaut (baritone), Mario Boriello; Geronte di Ravoir (bass), Fernando Corena; Edmondo, a student (tenor), Piero Di Palma; The Innkeeper (bass), Antonio Sacchetti; A Singer (mezzo-sop.), Luisa Ribacchi; The Dancing Master (tenor), Adelio Zagonara; A Lamplighter (tenor), Angelo Mercuriali; Sergeant of the Royal Archers (bass), Antonio Sacchetti; A Captain in the Navy (bass), Dario Caselli — With Chorus and Orchestra of the Academia Di Santa Cecilia, Rome, conducted by Francesco Molinari Pradelli.
10.00 FRANK CHACKSFIELD AND HIS ORCHESTRA. Theme from "Limelight"; 'Limelight'; A Girl called Linda; Golden Violins; High Feather; Glorious; Ebb Tide; Waltzing Bugle Boy; Golden Tango; Song of Canterbury; Dancing Princess; The Pied Piper.
10.30 ONE NIGHT STAND. Music in the Russ Morgan Manner (with vocal). The Darktown Strutters' Ball—Al Jennings (vocal); Off Shore—orch.; The Hokey Pokey — Russ Morgan and the Morganaires (vocal); None but the lonely heart—orch.; There'll be some changes made—Al Jennings (vocal); Oi. Mein Papa — Phil Capicotto (trumpet) with the Morganaires (vocal); The Tennessee Wig-Walk—Betsy Gay (vocal); Arab Dance—Russ Morgan and his Orch.; I'll be hangin' around — Al Jennings (vocal); Dancin' with someone—Russ Morgan and the Morganaires (vocal)—Russ Morgan and his Orch.
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.09 TEST CRICKET (RECORDED LONDON RELAY). England v. South Africa. Commentaries on the 1st day's play of the 4th Test by Rex Alston, John Arlott and Charles Fortune at Headingley, Leeds. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.35 CLOSE DOWN.

Friday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.
7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
7.20 TOP O' THE MORN.
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.10 MUSIC IN THE AIR.
9.00 CLOSE DOWN.
12.15 p.m. STUDIO: ROMAN CATHOLIC PRAYERS. By the Rev. Father R. W. Gallagher, S.J. (Studio).
12.30 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.32 JOURNEY INTO MELODY. With Stanley Black and his Orchestra. Vocalists: David Whitfield and Anne Shelton.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 MUSIC OF THE MASTERS.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
6.03 CHILDREN'S HALF HOUR. "The Adventures of Clara Chuff" by Harry Harrison. No. 2: "The Shunting of Clssie." Interlude.
6.30 POPULAR SONG PARADE. Whatever Lola wants — Sarah Vaughan (vocal); People Like us—Josef Locke (tenor); Wait 'till April—Alma Warren (vocal); The Sand and the Sea—Jackie Brown and his Orch. with vocal; Desiree — Tino Christidi (The Voice of Romance) with his Serenaders and the Peter Knight Singers; "Kismet": Baubles, Bangles & Beads—D. Morrow, R. Oneto, Chorus; Stranger in Paradise—D. Morrow & R. Kiley; And this is my beloved — Drake, Morrow, Kiley, Calvin; Finale—sands of time—Drake, Morrow, Kiley, Chorus.
7.00 SET TO YOUR PARTNERS. Boston Two Step—Sydney Thompson's Olde-Tyme Dance Orch. See Me Dance the Polka; St Bernard Waltz; Maxina; The Gay Gordons—intro: I Know a wa' to Bide a wa'; The Pride of Erin; The Progressive Barn Dance; O Sole Mio; The Dashing White Sergeant—Ronnie Munro and his Orch.
7.30 "VIEWPOINT." A weekly magazine devoted to the Arts edited and introduced by Janet Tomblin. Books: Reviewed by Alec Hardie, 'The Ponder Heart' by E. Welty; 'The Mountain and the Molehill' by H Croome; 'Not in our Stars' by Phyllis Bottome. "THE HISTORY OF THE CINEMA." By Hugh Sullivan. No. 3: 'The Birth of a Nation.'
7.59 WEATHER REPORT.
8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.09 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
8.15 ARTIST OF THE WEEK. John Wummer (flute) and Fernando Valenti (harpsichord).
8.30 MASTERS OF THE MELODY. Charles Williams and his Concert Orchestra. The music of Haydn Wood.
9.00 STUDIO: MUSIC LOVERS' HOUR — CLASSICAL REQUESTS. Presented by Aileen Dekker. Humoreske, Op. 20 (Robert Schumann)—Joerg Demus (piano); Apres Un Reve (Gabriel Faure)—Gerard Souzay (bar.) with piano accomp. Jean Michel Damase; Concerto for violin and orchestra No. 4 in D minor (N. Paganini); 1st Movement—Allegro maestoso; 2nd Movement—Adagio flebile con sentimento; 3rd Movement—Rondo galante—Arthur Grumiaux (violin) L'Orchestre Des Concerts Lamoureux conducted by Franco Gallini.
10.00 BOULEVARD CAFE. Piano Medley—played by Yvonne Blanc; L'Argent—Dany Dauberson (vocal); Caroline Cherie—Georges Ulmer (vocal); Que reste-t-il de nos amours — Charles Trenet (vocal); Piano Medley—played by Yvonne Blanc.
10.15 LETTER FROM AMERICA (RECORDED LONDON RELAY). By Alistair Cooke.
10.30 RECORD ROUND-ABOUT. Latin Lady—Geraldo and his New Concert Orch.; More than ever—Eve Boswell and the Ken-Tones (vocal); Jet—Geraldo and his New Concert Orch. with Chorus; Walkin' with my shadow—Sondra and Jon Steele (vocal); Nymphs and Shepherds — Margaret Rutherford and Frankie Howerd (vocal); Carolina in the Morning—Debbie Reynolds (vocal); Serenade in the Night—The Gaylords (vocal); Under the Linden Tree—Ron Goodwin and his Concert Orch. and Chorus; Last love—Ron Goodwin and his Concert Orch.; Three O'Clock in the Morning; Sensual — Virginie Morgan (organ).
10.59 WEATHER REPORT.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (LONDON RELAY).
11.09 TEST CRICKET (RECORDED LONDON RELAY). England v. Africa. Commentaries on the 2nd day's play of the 4th Test by Rex Alston, John Arlott and Charles Fortune at Headingley, Leeds. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
11.30 (approx.) CLOSE DOWN.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 15.070 Mc/s, 19.91m and on 17.810 Mc/s, 16.84m)

SATURDAY, JULY 16

6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 GERALD CROSSMAN. (Accordion).
7.00 'MAN ABOUT TOWN.' With Jack Buchanan.
7.30 D. A. Clarke-Smith and Andrew Faulds in 'FERDINAND LOPEZ.' Adapted, as a serial in twelve episodes by H. Oldfied Box from Anthony Trollope's novel 'The Prime Minister.' Episode Ten.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Report from the WEST COUNTRY.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
9.00 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
9.15 Cricket SURREY v THE SOUTH AFRICANS.
9.30 SCOTTISH MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 LISTENERS' CHOICE.

SUMMER SPORT
Commentaries from 10.30 to 11.00, 11.15 to 1 a.m., 1.15 a.m. to 2.15 a.m.
Motor-racing: R.A.C. and B.A.R.C. British Grand Prix at Aintree
Horse-racing: THE KING GEORGE VI AND QUEEN ELIZABETH STAKES at Ascot
Athletics: The Amateur Athletic Association Championships at the White City
Cricket: SURREY v THE SOUTH AFRICANS at the Oval
A county championship match

10.30 SUMMER SPORT.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 SUMMER SPORT.

SUNDAY, JULY 17

6.30 TODAY'S COMPOSER. Beethoven.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 BBC SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA.
7.15 BY HEART. Poems we all remember.
7.30 SUNDAY SERVICE. Methodist Conference Service from the Albert Hall, Manchester. Conducted by the Rev. Dr Eric W. Barker, Secretary of the Conference. Preacher, the Dr Leslie Weatherhead, President of the Conference.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 IN TOWN TONIGHT.
9.00 'WITHIN THE BAR.' Songs of a King's Counsel forming a radio portrait of Frederic E. Weatherly, K. C.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 FOR CHILDREN 'Jennings at School.' By Anthony Buckeridge.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL. Followed by an interlude at 14.00.
11.15 CONCERTO.

MONDAY, JULY 18

6.30 p.m. PIANO MUSIC (records).
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 BBC MIDLAND LIGHT ORCHESTRA.
7.30 Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in 'LIFE WITH THE LYONS.'
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS REVIEW.
8.30 MUSIC FOR DANCING.
9.15 Cricket SURREY v THE SOUTH AFRICANS.
9.30 ENGLISH MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 GRAND HOTEL.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 'PRISONER AT THE BAR.' Edgar Lustgarten presents a new series of studies in crime 3—S. H. Dougall.
11.45 LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

TUESDAY, JULY 19

6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 SHIRLEY ABICAIR. With the Sidney Bright Trio.
7.00 CLOSE-UP. Agatha Christie. A portrait of the celebrated authoress and playwright.
7.30 COMMONWEALTH CLUB.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Five Minutes for FARMERS.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
9.00 DAVID McCALLUM TRIO.
9.15 Cricket SURREY v THE SOUTH AFRICANS.
9.30 TODAY'S COMPOSER Handel.
9.45 ULSTER MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Piatigorsky (cello).
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 'HOW DO YOU DO?'
11.45 From the Third Programme 'THE GREAT DIVIDE.' By C. S. Lewis.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20

6.30 p.m. SAM POLLOCK.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 RAWICZ and LANDAUER. Request the pleasure of your company at 3—The Opera.
7.00 THE ARCHERS. A story of country folk.
7.10 NEW RECORDS.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Report from the SOUTH-EAST ENGLAND. Surrey.
8.30 'BLACKPOOL NIGHT.'
9.30 THE COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE LAW CONFERENCE. An edited version of speeches made at today's opening ceremony in Westminster Hall, London.
9.45 WORK AND WORSHIP.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 BBC MIDLAND LIGHT ORCHESTRA.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 Report on THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA. The first of two programmes. Written and produced by Laurence Gilliam.

THURSDAY, JULY 21

6.30 p.m. THIS DAY AND AGE.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 THE BILLY MAYERL RHYTHM ENSEMBLE.
7.00 JAZZ IN THE MAKING.
7.30 'STAR STRUCK.'
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Report from the NORTH OF ENGLAND.
8.30 'WHAT'S THE FORM?'
8.45 MAURICE CHEVALIER. At the piano, Fred Freed.
9.15 Fourth Test Match. ENGLAND v SOUTH AFRICA.
9.35 WELSH MAGAZINE.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 'MAIDEN OVER.' A cricketing comedy, adapted from his own novel by Cy Charles Hatton.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 'ALL MY EYE AND KITTY BLUETT' Stanley Baxter, and Terry Scott. With Patricia Hayes.
11.45 SERIOUS ARGUMENT.

FRIDAY, JULY 22

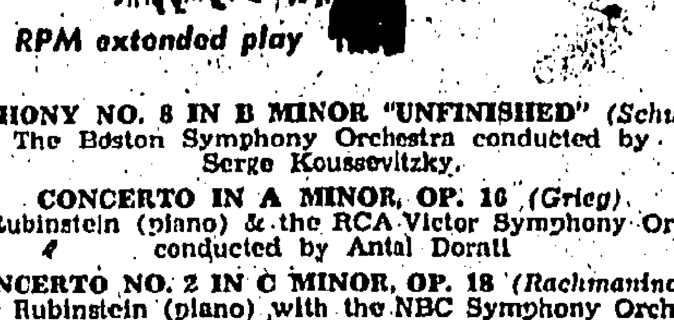
6.30 p.m. 'JOHNNY MORRIS GETS A JOB.' Finding that the streets of London are not paved with gold, Johnny Morris tries to walk into an honest living—in somebody else's shoes. Presented by Desmond Hawkins.
6.40 FROM THE EDITORIALS.
6.45 SANDY MACPHERSON. At the theatre organ.
7.00 'PRISONER AT THE BAR.' (See Monday, 11.15).
7.30 HOMESPUN.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.09 COMMENTARY.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.25 Report from the MIDLANDS. MARCHING AND WALTZING.
9.15 Fourth Test Match. ENGLAND v SOUTH AFRICA.
9.35 app. TOM JENKINS QUINTET.
9.45 LETTER FROM AMERICA. By Alistair Cooke.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.09 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.15 PETER YORKE.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 Radio Theatre presents 'MURDER IN THE NEWS.' Dramatised for radio by Anthony Aspinall from the story by Agatha Christie.

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CONCERTO NO. 2 IN C MINOR, OP. 18 (Rachmaninoff)
Artur Rubinstein (piano) with the NBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Vladimir Golschmann.

SWAN LAKE BALLET SUITE (Tchaikovsky)
The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra conducted by Vladimir Golschmann.

INTRODUCTION & RONDO CAPRICCIOSO (Saint-Saens)
ZIGEUNERWEISEN (Sarasate)
Jascha Heifetz with the RCA Victor Symphony Orchestra conducted by William Steinberg.

WALTZES & POLKAS (Strauss)
The Boston Pops Orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler.

RHAPSODY ON A THEME OF PAGANINI (Rachmaninoff)
Artur Rubinstein (piano).

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LEAGUE BOWLS

TWO CRUCIAL MATCHES MAY DECIDE THE SENIOR DIVISION CHAMPIONSHIP

By "TOUCHER"

Which shall be the premier lawn bowls club for the 1955 season—Recreio, Kowloon Cricket Club or Craigengower Cricket Club?

That question may well be answered this afternoon when all the three top contenders for the Colony's First Division League Championship take to the greens in two crucial matches.

Current League-leaders Kowloon Cricket Club will be involved in what may turn out to be the deciding match of the season when they entertain second-placed and present-holders Recreio "Blues" on their own green at Cox's Road.

The Cricket Club now lead by only the slender margin of half a point. This will mean that every point gained by either team in this afternoon's match will be worth double its value in the relative positioning of the two teams.

In their first round encounter, the Cox's Road Club triumphed by 4-1 and by 65 shots to 62. Both sides have since reshuffled their rinks, with perhaps the Recreio "Blues" reaping much greater benefit from the reshuffling.

Whereas the Champion "Blues" have been playing with greater assurance and confidence from week to week, the Cricket Club bowlers have not shown that consistency of form which put them at the top of the League table.

Their 4-1 defeat last week by Craigengower Cricket Club will probably have a detrimental psychological effect on them this afternoon, and unless they pull themselves together the odds are that they may find it extremely difficult to collect even one point from this match.

The second crucial match will see third-placed Craigengower Cricket Club clash with Indian Recreation Club "Blues" at Sookunpoo.

Only two points behind Kowloon Cricket Club, Craigengower are well in the running for Championship honours, whereas IRC "Blues" who went down to their "Gold" team last week in a major upset, are practically out of the race.

The Indians, however, with a formidable record behind them, are still capable of producing superb bowls when they are in the mood. This was amply demonstrated in their first meeting with the Valley club when they took back with them 4½ points. The Craigengower squad, however, are an improved lot now after some hard practice and look good for four points this afternoon.

In the other two First Division matches, both Kowloon Bowling Green Club and Police Recreation Club are expected to get past Recreio "Whites" and IRC "Gold". The margins of victory will probably not be as great as the favourites may expect as both the "Whites" and the "Gold", with the possibility of relegation ahead of them, will be out for every available point. They are also playing much better bowls now.

SECOND DIVISION

In the Second Division games this afternoon, Kowloon Dock will be given a very good opportunity of consolidating their lead. Although they will be playing away against the Filipino Club, it is not likely that they will drop more than one point.

Taikoo, who surrendered their second position to Craigengower during the week, when the latter took five points off Police Recreation Club in a postponed match, should be back again in second place by the time this afternoon's games are over.

They will have Police Recreation Club as their opponents, and a likely five points may even bring them a little closer to the League-leading Kowloon Docks.

The Third Division is all but won by Kowloon Dock and interest is centred on whether the Dockmen will be able to go through the season with an unbeaten record. Last week Hongkong Electric had their go without any success. This afternoon, Prison Officers will be the assailants on the Hunghom citadel and even a 3-2 win on their part will be a feat to be proud of.

TALKING POINTS

Two points have come out during the week, which need some comment.

One is the problem of postponed matches in the various events of the Colony Open Championships. This came to a head during the last two weeks when almost continuous rain completely disrupted the Championship programme.

With the Police, Hongkong Electric and Filipino Club greens now considered unsuitable for Championship matches, the Championship committee will also have the extra problem of having only a limited number of greens on which to play off these games.

One suggestion has been made and that is to have all postponed games played on one day a week at one centre. The group of clubs at Happy Valley, Craigengower, IRC and HKFC and also Taikoo may be approached to loan all their rinks to the Association one day a fortnight. The next week the centre could be shifted to King's Park and if necessary to include Kowloon Dock as well.

The second talking point for this week is the oft-recurrent one of score-cards. The slipshod manner in which score-cards are being marked is much to be deplored. It not only gives one the impression that very little interest is shown in the games played, but also causes untold confusion to the press and the Committee in recording the scores. Dates of games are often left out, and the name of the event, whether Singles, Pairs Open Championship, etc. is seldom written down.

In League matches, it must be repeated again that the names of home bowlers should appear on the left hand side of the card.

Although it is the duty of the No. 2 to mark the score-card in a rink game and the lead in a pair and triple game, it is also the responsibility of the skip to check over the card when his turn comes to sign it. It is earnestly hoped that this aspect of the game will be as seriously observed.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division

KCC v. Recreio "Blues"
KBGC c. Recreio "Whites"
PRC v. IRC "Gold"
IRC "Blues" v. CCC
FC (Bye)

Second Division

FC v. KDC
TC v. PRC
HKFC v. HKCC
USRC v. KCC
CCC (bye)

Third Division

FC v. KCC
KDC v. POC
PRC v. USRC
HKERC v. HKFC
KBGC (bye)

SKIPS' TABLES

First Division

	P	W	D	L	Pts.
R.F. Luz (Rec. "B")	8	6	1	1	6½
B.W. Bradbury (CCC)	8	6	1	1	6½
J.M. McKelvie (KBGC)	8	6	0	2	6
A.E. Coates (OCC)	8	6	0	2	6
J.F.V. Ribeiro (Rec. "B")	8	6	0	2	6
A.M. Omar (IRC "B")	7	5	1	1	5½
T.E. Baker (KCC)	8	5	0	3	5
A. Harvey (KBGC)	8	5	0	3	5
W. Hong Sling (KCC)	8	5	0	3	5
D. Phillips (KCC)	8	4	1	0	4½
C.E. Passos (Rec. "B")	8	4	1	0	4½
A.A. Lopes (Rec. "W")	8	4	1	3	4½
K. Bodle (PRC)	8	4	0	4	4
H.B. Dewar (PRC)	8	4	0	4	4

Second Division

R. Gourlay (KDC)	9	8	0	1	8
E. Greenwood (HKFC)	9	7	0	2	7
W.B. Brown (TC)	9	6	0	3	6
A.E. Elliott (KDC)	9	6	0	3	6
J.B. Baxter (TC)	8	6	0	2	6
B.I. Bickford (HKFC)	9	6	0	3	6
R. Tay (CCC)	9	6	0	3	6
J.H. Kinniburgh (TC)	9	5	1	3	5½
A. Sequeira (FC)	9	5	1	3	5½
W.M. McCall (KDC)	8	5	0	3	5
J. Leonard (CCC)	8	5	0	1	5
K. Forrow (HKFC)	9	5	0	4	5
R. Hetherington (USRC)	7	4	1	2	4½
P.K. Lau (CCC)	8	4	0	4	4
W.J. Howard (KCC)	9	4	0	5	4
D. Trail (HKCC)	8	4	0	4	4
D. Agnew (USRC)	7	4	0	3	4
F.D. Angus (HKCC)	8	4	0	4	4

Third Division

R. Lapsley (KDC)	9	7	1	1	7½
J. McKitrick (KDC)	9	7	1	1	7½
A.G. Gardner (HKERC)	9	6	1	2	6½
J. Revie (KDC)	7	6	0	1	6
V.A.V. Ribeiro (FC)	8	5	1	2	5½
L.J. McTavish (POC)	8	5	0	3	5
L. Cosgrove (KBGC)	6	5	0	1	5
W.C. Higgs (POC)	8	5	0	3	5
H. Shields (HKFC)	8	4	2	2	5
A. Hutton (KBGC)	7	4	1	2	4½
M.N. Raitasen (HKFC)	8	4	0	4	4
C.E. Terry (KBGC)	7	4	0	3	4
R. Rosen (POC)	8	4	0	4	4
E. Champeloviер (KCC)	7	4	0	3	4

SPORTS QUIZ

1. With which sports do you associate the following trophies: The America Cup, The Grand Challenge Cup, the Jules Rimet Cup?
2. Who is (a) the eldest, and (b) the youngest Tony Trabert, Colin Cowdrey, Chris Chataway or Frank Tyson?
3. Who is the new holder of "The Renshaw Cup"?
4. Difference please between a helmsman and a Helmsman.
5. "Johnny won't hit today" was a famous English cricket phrase of the twenties. Who was Johnny?
6. Who cuts off the Eastern way, rolls the Western way or twists the Sweeney way?
7. When was the last time an official world Heavyweight boxing title fight was held outside America?
8. Complete the names of the following personalities who competed in the British Open Golf Championships recently: HxxxyCoxTxx, xd xxRxOx xExEx xHxxSxx, AxxxNxx xExDx.
9. America, Australia and Britain provided all the competitors for three of Wimbledon's finals. Which ones?
10. With what sports or games do you associate the following terms: Body - check, check-mate, chequered flag? (Answers See Page 17)

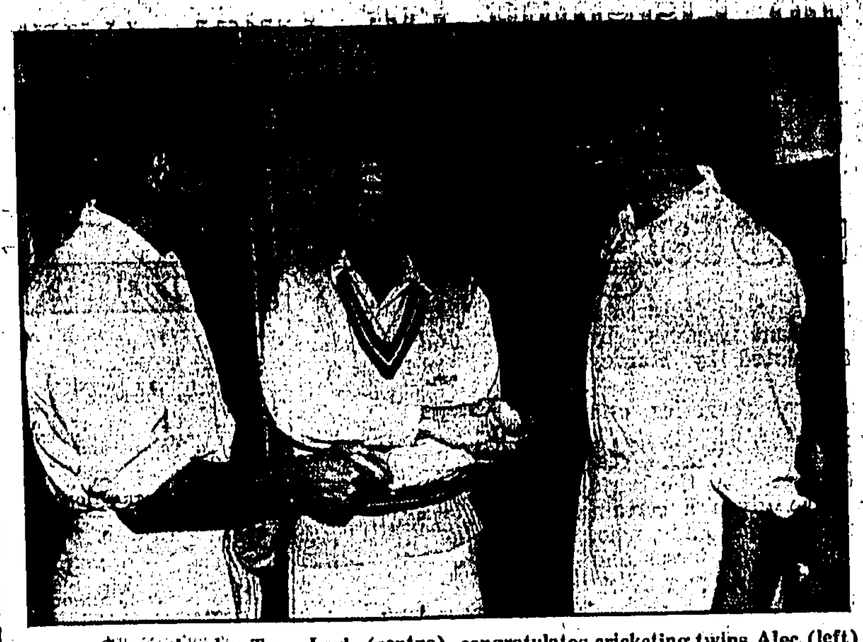
Villa Make Profit Of £9,837

Aston Villa's gross profit last season was £16,251, and after payment of income and profit taxes the net profit was £9,837. Gate receipts were £90,034, £3,500 higher than the previous season.

The club received £10,200 more in transfer deals than they paid out, but paid £19,278 in entertainment tax.

After setting aside £10,000 for ordinary share of benefits, the directors recommend a dividend of five per cent.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS FOR BEDSERS



Surrey bowler Tony Lock (centre) congratulates cricketing twins Alec (left) and Eric Bedser, on their 37th birthday (July 4) at the Blackheath ground where they were playing in the match against Kent.

Tony Lock, who had been chosen for the third Test match against South Africa, celebrated his own birthday a day after the twins.—Reuterphoto.

AAU SECRETARY THINKS

American Women Will Do Much Better In Athletics At Next Olympic Games

By CORNELIUS RYAN

New York, July 15.

America will make a much better showing in women's track and field athletics at the 1956 Olympics than ever before in the opinion of Dan Ferris, veteran Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union (AAU), who has seen all the greats for many years.

"We have made terrific progress in women's track," said Ferris in an interview in his office. "There is great interest around the country as a result of the Junior Olympic Programme, a programme which gave girls from 13 to 17 years old a meet for the first time.

Some of the girls discovered in this programme are very promising.

"In another year we expect them to be far better—good enough to be real contenders at Melbourne.

"I think our best high jumper, Mildred McDaniell, who did 5 feet 6¼ inches at the Pan-American Games in March, could have won any Olympic High Jump crown since the Games were opened to women.

Karen Anderson, who won the Pan-American Javelin with 49.15 metres, has added eight or nine metres since then. However, the girls we have participating in the Discus and Javelin are not quite big enough to compete with the Russian girls, but we will be real contenders in the running races and hurdles."

HARD TO GET USED

The mention of the girls' javelin brought Ferris around to discussion of the javelin in general.

"It still is hard to get used to the fact we have the world record-holder in Bud Held," said Ferris. "We used to look up in surprise when we saw an American throw it 200 feet. Now there is more interest in the event and more men take part.

"And the new javelin, of course, has a lot to do with it. All the Americans use the Bud Held-made spear. In the old days, when the Finns were the world leaders in the Javelin Throw, they also had the best-designed spears."

To account for the upsurge in interest in such long-neglected events as women's track and the men's javelin, he said that more emphasis by the AAU on these things had encouraged coaches to stress them, and that the young athletes had responded well.—United Press.

English Record In Hammer Throw Goes

Peter Allday brought the English native record in the Hammer Throw up to 186 feet 9 inches at a meeting at Camberley on July 9. Don Anthony had brought the record up to 184 feet 5 inches earlier this year.

The British record was broken early in the current season by Dr Ewan Douglas of Scotland with 192 feet 6 inches.

There were two good performances at Newport last Saturday where the AAA took on Wales. D. Salter ran the 440 Yards Hurdles in 54.4 seconds to upset Tom Farrell, his AAA teammate, while R. H. Sussex cleared 46 feet 4¼ inches in the Hop, Step and Jump for Wales.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Reginald Spooner

By Archie Quick

The well-preserved, white-haired, classical-featured gentleman of 74 sitting in the grand stand, Sir? That, Sir, is none other than Reginald Spooner. Yes, the great "R.H." most correct of all English batsmen, amateur or professional, was at the Old Trafford Test between England and South Africa living again days that are past at the scene of some of his greatest triumphs.

With a piece of willow in his hands the famous Lancastrian amateur did everything that was right. There have been more prolific scores, but none surpassed him in beauty and grace, then or now. So his own view on batsmanship, told to me some time ago, is interesting. "My favourites", he said, "were 'Ranji' and Victor Trumper.

"They produced the poetry of cricket. But the man I liked watching most was Gilbert Jessop. Do not just put him down as a thumper with a bludgeon. There was the greatest possible skill in his timing.

"He was an artist and not just a clouter. And the crowd loved him because his art was allied to fast scoring. Wish we had more of it these days. Cricket would not be so much in the doldrums. Too many scorable shots are ignored. Each ball is not being treated on its merits."

HIS FIRST TEST

Spooner, at Manchester, would remember his first Test appearance against the South Africans for he took 119 off the Springbok bowling at Lords in 1912—and the tourists had Nourse, Pegler, Carter, Faulkner, Llewellyn, Schwarz and Hartigan bowling in that match! And England didn't have a bad batting order either—Hobbs, Rhodes, Spooner, Fry, Warner, Woolley, Jessop, Foster, Smith, Barnes and Brearley!!

The immaculate Reggie ended the Test series top of the averages at 62 runs an innings against one of the finest attacks ever fielded by a Test eleven. He never played against the South Africans again.

For business reasons he was never able to make the trip to Australia, a fact which the cricket world "Down Under" has always deplored as a major tragedy. They wanted the opportunity to compare him with their own Victor Trumper, whose only rival as a stylist he was, apart from "Ranji".

"FIAT 600" SETS A NEW RECORD



Two standard *FIAT 600* cars, driven by the team Martignoni, Mazzucchelli, Rabezzana and Racca, have covered the distance between Calcutta and Rome (via Trieste), 8230 miles, in eleven days, putting up an average daily run of 784 miles.

This is a truly extraordinary performance for a small car like the *600*, showing magnificent driving skill and brilliant stamina of the little cars on a gruelling journey across vast stretches of desert, on almost impossible tracks, extremely rough roads, through floods and storms of wind and rain in tropical temperatures. Day and night, for eleven consecutive days, those four intrepid hearts, those two tiny but faultless engines conquered distance and overcame all the obstacles of the adventurous trip.

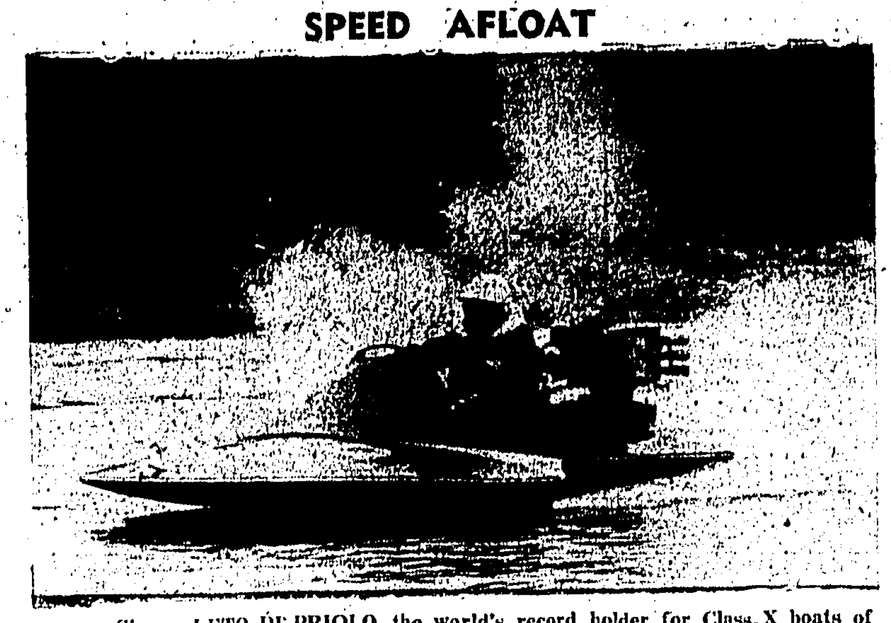
The two *600s* were shipped by air to Beyrouth. From Beyrouth to Calcutta (5400 miles) was a practice trip, which was in itself an adventure. The real run was from Calcutta to Rome and was done in record time.

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SPEED AFLOAT



Signor LETO DI PRIOLO, the world's record holder for Class X boats of 1,000 c.c. who is the only man in the world to have attained over 100 miles per hour in this type of boat, is seen at speed during the Italian Outboard Championships.

The Ferrara Boat Club of Italy organise these annual outboard motor-boat races for the Championship of Italy on the River Po at Ferrara in Northern Italy.—London Express Photo.

A SOCCER SHOCK IS COMING TO 26 LEAGUE SIDES

Says ROY PESKETT

The Football League Management Committee are preparing to spring a bombshell on their clubs by proposing that, for the season after next, the League should be reduced to three divisions of 22 clubs each. Promotion and relegation would be two clubs up and two down all through.

Which of the Third Division clubs are left out would be decided by placings at the end of next season. Now the League has 92 clubs.

Brazil, the bad boys of the 1954 World Cup Soccer competition, have challenged England to a game at Wembley next season.

With many of the officials who were behind the team who were censured for bad behaviour in Switzerland now out of office the new rulers in Brazil have, in effect, promised best-behaviour football in future internationals.

Brazil, who are due to play Spain and Italy during a Continental tour next May, are likely to be met at Wembley the week after the Cup Final.

Immediately after this Brazil game England will leave to play Germany in Hamburg, Sweden in Stockholm, and Russia in Moscow—on June 6.

It is possible that the FA will seek guarantees of good behaviour from Brazil before the Wembley fixture is made.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who has consented to succeed the Earl of Athlone as President of the FA is expected to watch England play Denmark in Copenhagen on October 2.

Referees under FA control will not be allowed to officiate in Sunday football. This decision was carried almost unanimously at the meeting in Torquay.

TV TURNDOWN

The FA have turned down a suggestion that the Charity Shield match between Chelsea and Newcastle should be televised on an ITA programme on September 28, instead of being played in daylight (at Stamford Bridge) on September 14.

Offers of fees for televising games from the BBC and ITA will be considered in the near future.

The new chairman of England's senior selection committee is Mr Joe Mears.

It was confirmed at Torquay that Ireland will play at Wembley on November 2—for the first time—and Spain appear there on November 30.

England's schedule of home representative matches in the coming season:

September 28: Under 23 XI. v. Denmark, Portsmouth.

October 1: Youth XI. v. Denmark, Plymouth; 19: "B" XI. v. Yugoslavia "B," Manchester City's ground.

November 2: England v. Ireland, Wembley, 5: Youth XI. v. Holland venue to be arranged: 12: Amateurs v. Germany, Tottenham; 30: England v. Spain, Wembley.

February 8: Under 23 XI. v. Scotland; Sheffield Wednesday; 18: Youth XI. v. Wales to be arranged.

March 3: Youth XI. v. Scotland, Preston 21: "B" XI. v. Switzerland, Southampton: 24: Amateurs v. Scotland, Wembley.

April 21: Amateurs v. France, Dulwich.

SPORTS SURVEY

Geoffrey Edrich Was On The Thailand "Railway Of Death"

By "ALL-ROUNDER"

Geoffrey Edrich, Lancashire's reliable No. 3 batsman and fine close-to-the-wicket fielder, whose benefit year this is, was captured by the Japanese at Singapore in 1942 and spent three and a half years in captivity. He had a long and grim spell on the infamous Thailand "railway of death", and at one period his weight fell to 7½ stone.

It was while a prisoner that he met Don Longbottom, a medical officer who used to captain the Central Lancashire League club, Royton, and first got the idea that he might eventually find his way on the Old Trafford staff if he ever got home alive.

A younger brother of Bill Edrich, he joined Lancashire from Norfolk in 1946 and got his cap the same season. In his ten seasons of first-class cricket he has already scored nearly 14,000 runs and hit 23 centuries.

• • •

John Hancock, 22-year-old England Rugby Union International second-row forward, now undergoing his National Service with the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, has signed professional forms with Salford Rugby League club.

Hancock, who was born in Somerset but came to the front when playing for Newport, is 6 ft. 2 in. tall and weighs 15½ stone.

A fast-moving forward and an accurate goal kicker, he was selected for both English and Welsh trials last season, but he threw in his lot with England and won caps against Wales and Ireland.

He represented the Army in the Inter-Services tournament against the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, and is due to complete his National Service in September.

Twenty-two-year-old Milan Kosanovic, who had never seen a game of rugby when he left his native Yugoslavia six years ago to work in a Halifax iron foundry, has been signed by Bradford Northern RL club. A six-footer who weighs 14 st. 6 lb., he played as a field side prop-forward in Northern's "A" team for most of last season. "He has all the makings of a star," says team manager Dai Rees.

TO BE TRIED OUT

The Rugby Union's play-the-ball rule after a tackle is to be tried out in Rugby League charity matches which act as curtain-raisers to the start of the season.

The rule states that when a player is tackled he must release the ball, and it can be brought into play only by foot by a member of either side. If the trial is successful, the rule might well be incorporated at an early date, in the RL playing rules.

• • •

In taking over as manager of Derby County for whom he once played, Mr Harry Storer can make an unusual claim. He will have managed clubs in all four Divisions of the Football League—Coventry City and Birmingham City in the Second, Birmingham in the First, Covehtry in the Third South and now Derby in the Third North.

When Frank Lock, left back, moved from First Division Charlton Athletic to Liverpool, the Lancashire club were also in the First Division. They were relegated. Now after sampling Second Division football Frank has been transferred to a club in the Third South—Watford. All in just over a year.

More first-class Soccer professionals have moved overseas in 1955 than ever before. First to go was Bert Mozley, the Derby County and England right back, who now runs an hotel in the Canadian town of Calgary.

Next Joe Marston, the Preston North End centre-half, returned to his native Australia, while Darlington and former Sunderland pivot Bill Walsh has also travelled to "Down Under." Another likely to make the trip to Australia is Jock Aird, Scottish International full back of Burnley.

FARMYARD OF DUCKS

Seven Little Harwood batsmen in the Ribble Valley League (Lancs.) were dismissed for "ducks" by Downham, and the side were all out for eight runs. That is a League record.

There were equally sensational happenings down in Birmingham in a Parks Association match. St. Teresa's Church were all out against Moseley Road Methodists for six. Peter Bates getting five for one and Joe Nicholson four for four.

The Methodists knocked off the needed seven runs in the first over, so the teams agreed to play a second match to fill in the afternoon. This time St. Teresa's did get to a total of 24, but Moseley Road won by six wickets.

• • •

Will the Surrey county attack of Alec Bedser, Peter Loader, Jim Laker and Tony Lock repeat their last season's performance of each taking 100 wickets? Surrey last season and Yorkshire and Worcestershire years ago are the only counties ever to achieve the feat. Surrey are well set for a "repeat", but it is doubtful if the Yorkshire quartette of Wardle, Appleyard, Close and Trueman will equal them. One county who may is Hampshire with Shackleton, Cannings, Burden and Sainsbury.

• • •

Seventeen-year-old Toronto schoolgirl, fair-haired Marilyn Bell hopes to become the youngest swimmer to conquer the English Channel in the next few weeks and win a £5,000 prize in the annual International race.

Marilyn, who won the Canadian Junior Championship Mile in 1951, swam into a £20,000 fortune last September when she made a remarkable long-distance swim in Lake Ontario.

She wants to be a therapist, helping handicapped children, but she is likely to be offered a big Hollywood contract if she makes the headlines over her Channel swim.

• • •

"In teaching the world to play cricket we have rendered the human race a great service," said Home Secretary Gwilym Lloyd George, speaking during the luncheon interval of a match at Westminster School ground, in which author-cricketers participated.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Yachting, Rowing, Association Football.
2. (a) Frank Tyson (b) Colin Cowdrey.
3. Tony Trabert, it is the official first prize in the Wimbledon Men's Singles.
4. A helmsman steers a racing yacht. A Helms-man holds an "Athlete of the Year" trophy awarded annually to the top athlete in each six continents by the Helms Athletic Foundation, America.
5. John Douglas, former Essex and England cricket captain whose initials were J.W.H.T.
6. High jumpers. The Eastern cut-off, the Western roll and the Sweeney twist are styles of jumping.
7. In 1933 when Primo Carnera defeated Paulino Uzcudun in Rome.
8. Henry Cotton, Ed Furgol, Peter Thomson, Antonio Cerda.
9. Women's Singles, Men's Doubles, Women's Doubles.
10. Ice-hockey, Chess, Motor-racing.

Bannister Puts Tactics First

Says DESMOND HACKETT

It used to be visions of a Cup Final, a Test match, a world title fight that stirred the day-dreams of the highly energised schoolboys.

But now kids have found a zest for running. They pound the roads, parks and, the fortunate few, the tracks of this racing isle, chasing the bright prospect of a four-minute Mile.

Some of them will lose heart. They may despair because they are the wrong size, the wrong shape, the wrong weight.

Keep racing, young men. It is a fine thing to have the lightly built figure, long in limb, but the determination to succeed and the spirit to endure the treadmill of training are probably more important.

This is the opinion of the man who really knows, the view of Dr Roger Bannister, C.B.E., who was able to put the four-minute mile into a test tube, break it down, and find a formula which made him the first man on earth to crash the barrier.

"The will to develop the natural talents he possesses can and does make up for many imperfections," writes Bannister.

STRONG WILL

"Racing demands a will sufficiently determined to produce a supreme effort far beyond the normal capacity when limbs which are already tired and feeble are lashed into greater and greater activity."

If you are not terrified by this picture of the peak effort, carry on, if you can stay the third-degree training schedule that makes you a master athlete, then carry on reading.

Dr Bannister insists: "The peak performance, whether at school sports or a national Championship, can only be achieved as a result of hard training and careful planning."

But it is on tactics that Bannister steps out as enthusiastically as he strode that immortal mile.

He says: "Tactics are more important in the mile than in almost any other race. If successfully employed, they enable the runner to defeat opponents who are capable of faster times or who would win the race under conditions that suited them.

"In the use of tactics, the rule is 'Know thyself, know thy opponents.' Of what times are they capable? Can they produce a final burst of speed—sprint or stride? Do they prefer to lead or to follow?

CONFIDENT

"A runner confident of his ability to sprint at the finish may allow others to make the pace.

"It is probably more worrying and tiring to be leading, whereas in second or third position he has the race under control.

"He can still move into the lead (to quicken the pace if it becomes too slow, or to reduce it if it becomes too fast) and, often, moving up to the leader's shoulder will be sufficient to quicken up the pace. Against a strong wind this sheltered position is an advantage.

"It takes courage to lead, and also some experience before it is possible to relax in this position.

"Too many runners in Britain allow themselves to be slowed down by their opponents in the early part of the race, and they are not capable of the accelerated pace developed in the last lap."

So there you have Dr Bannister's prescription for the mile. On your marks! Get set ....ready....go!

THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



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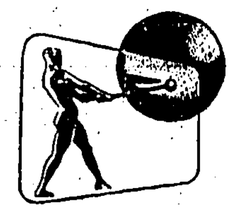
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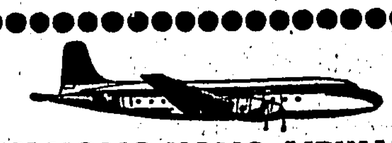
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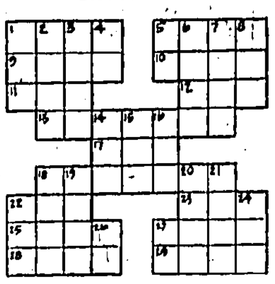
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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1 Genus of maples
5 Contest of speed
9 Apple centre
10 Smell
11 Dawn goddess
12 Note in Guido's scale
13 Fixed salary
17 Correlative of neither
18 Respects
22 Bustle
23 Over (contr.)
25 Animal skin
27 Memorandum
28 Concludes
29 Fillip

DOWN

1 High card
2 Dove calls
3 Formerly
4 Musical note
5 Universal language
6 Arabian gulf
7 Frigid
8 Age
14 Interest (ab.)
15 American writer
16 Before
18 Paradise
19 Vended
20 Satellite
21 Caterpillar hair
22 Mimic
24 Corded fabric
26 Tensile strength (ab.)
27 Nova Scotia (ab.)

AUTHORS SQUARE

The Puzzleman has hidden seven authors in his square. Find the right starting point, then read each letter either up, down, back, or forth (never diagonally) and you'll find them in rotation:

A	H	C	I	L	E
W	S	K	D	L	W
T	N	E	E	L	O
H	O	P	O	N	O
N	R	E	F	G	L
E	R	L	W	E	R
L	I	L	O	I	T
E	Y	W	H	I	T

TRIANGLE

Base, for this triangle is a MYSTERY. The second word is "a possessive pronoun"; third "a dance step"; fourth "endure"; fifth "an adhesive"; and sixth "to subdue." Can you finish it?

M
Y
S
T
E
R
MYSTERY

ADD-A-GRAM

Add a letter to "a pronoun" and scramble for "encountered"; again for "a heavy volume"; repeat for "struck"; once again for "motorists' lodgings."

DE-TAILED WORDS

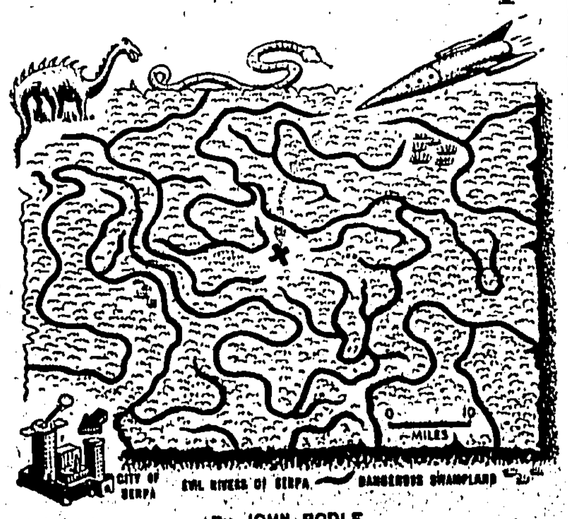
De-tail "an antic" and have "a promontory." De-tail this and have "a head covering."

(Solutions on Page 20)



JOIN THIS SPACE ADVENTURE!

The Planet Of Serpa



By JOHN BODLE

Jeff Hawke's rocket ship lands on the planet of Serpa . . . and Jeff is faced with the problem: How can he lead his men to the skyscrapers of the city of Serpa? The rivers are undrinkable and the swamps are alive with snakes and weird animals. Can you find the route—BEFORE looking at the solution on Page 20?

A WONDER OF NATURE

How The Wise Fox Saved His Mate

By Ernest S. Kelly



THE fox stood silently in the clearing, his body still except for the steady, angry swish-swish of his bushy red tail. Beside him the vixen lay stretched full length on the grass, busy licking a wounded paw.

The big male stood over her. He could hear the eager baying of the hounds. The baying grew louder. The dogs had the scent. The big fox prowled around his mate and prodded her with his nose.

The vixen struggled to her feet. The injured paw, still dripping blood, she held high against her chest. She stood motionless, quietly eyeing her mate.

Red, the male, pawed at the grass, then snarled.

★ ☆ ★

Slowly Red turned and brushed against his mate. He nuzzled her once, then slid past her and disappeared into the bush. Hopping painfully on three legs, the vixen followed him. Then Red loped off.

The vixen stood motionless, watching, then she disappeared into a hiding place.

Red ran easily, his slim body hardly visible against the autumn tinted trees. Suddenly he stopped and crouched low in the wild grass. The dogs came into view, five of them, running loosely, low-to-the-ground, their long red tongues slapping against wet chests.

Baying mournfully, they ran right past him on the earlier trail.

The fox waited until they were two hundred yards away, then he pranced into the open and stood there, slim and derisive.

Twice he hooted, short jeering barks that brought the dogs to a stiff, bone jolting halt.

Then the fox did a reckless thing. He walked slowly towards the excited dogs!

Baying madly, the dogs gave chase. The fox waited until they were within scant feet of him, then broke into a fast trot. Faster and faster he went, his legs blurred pistons.

He ran toward a low, stone wall that divided the woods from a newly ploughed field. On and on he ran, coat glistening. The dogs still chased him but were losing ground rapidly.

The fox reached the stone wall and in one graceful leap scaled it and disappeared. Baying as if their hearts would break the dogs raced to the wall.

Two of them made it at the first try. The other three had to claw their way to the top.

No sooner were they on the other side than the fox bounced back over the wall and after running in an ever narrowing circle three times, jumped back over the wall again.

As his tail disappeared, the dogs jumped again, but in the opposite direction!

Puzzled, they ran in panic-stricken circles, chasing dead scent.

Just as they seemed about to admit defeat, the fox appeared on top of the wall, barked twice and pranced along the top as graceful as a tightrope walker!

The dogs couldn't fathom this, and with the fox in full sight, they pawed around below looking for the scent.

★ ☆ ★

Disgusted, the fox bounded down amongst the dogs, barking his mocking challenge.

The dogs picked up the scent again and gave eager chase. Once again the big red fox vaulted the wall and tore off across the newly ploughed field, zigzagging back and forth, backtracking and running in short circles, leaving a broken scent.

Halfway across the freshly turned earth he stopped, crouched down on his haunches and calmly licked his fur!

The dogs, defeated, were wandering around in blind circles, always on the wrong scent.

The fox arose and loped lazily across the field. No dog could catch him now. Bogged down, they would stay in the field for hours trying to pick up his scent. An impossible task in a newly ploughed field!

The vixen lay stretched out on the grass, wounded paw hugged close to her body.

A low rustle brought her nose up. Teeth bared, she waited. Suddenly Red pushed through the bushes. He stretched out beside his mate and licked her injured paw.

★ ☆ ★

They lay on the cool grass and listened as the baying grew fainter and finally stopped altogether.

Then, as the sun sank below the trees, they moved towards the hills, Red leading the way, but stopping every now and then to make sure the vixen was still with him.

Stamp With A Mysterious Theme

UNEASY lies the Middle East. Armed men snipe at each other across the ill-defined border separating Egypt from Israel at the dangerous corner known as the Gaza strip.



Israel, with one flank resting on the sea, seems to feel that she must remain ever active or her potential Arab enemies will misunderstand and take advantage of any lull.

Small wonder, therefore, that in their latest stamp the Israelis present a strong military theme. And a mystery.

The stamp shows a parachutist dropping near a barbed-wire frontier fence. Is he a soldier, a secret agent, a saboteur? That—and whose frontier—make the mystery.

Attached to the stamp is a scrap of gummed paper which says in French: "Ten years of Hebrew parachuting."

It seems to imply a warning to all on the other side of the barbed wire frontier. Or to any who may be thinking of forcing a way through.

The stamp is perforated 14; printed in photogravure and costs 8d. in London.—J.A.A.



"And now that we've decided on all the things we'll have to do without, let us talk about all the things that we're going to have to get."

Merlin's Magic Window

—On a Rainy Day, It Shows a Sunny View—

By MAX TRELL

IT was a curious thing. Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, were sitting by the window looking at the rain outside when Knarf said: "Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could just open a magic window and see the sun shining instead of the rain falling?"

No Such Window

"There isn't any such magic window," said Hanid.

"I know," agreed Knarf. "But IF there were, wouldn't it be wonderful?"

"Yes," said Hanid, "but there isn't."

"And wouldn't it be even more wonderful if there was also a little magic door which would open into a beautiful country where ice-cream cones grew on trees, and taffy grew on bushes, and chocolate milk ran in brooks and—"

"But there isn't any such door!" Hanid interrupted.

"But IF there were, Hanid . . . wouldn't it be wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!"

The Magician Appears

At that moment who should come out from behind the bookshelves where he lived but Mr Merlin the Magnificent Magician! He was dressed in a white linen suit with white shoes and a white panama hat. He stopped in the middle of the room, smiled at Knarf and Hanid and bade them good morning.

"But Mr Merlin," said Hanid, "it isn't a good morning at all!"

"No?" said Mr Merlin in surprise. "What's wrong with it?"

"It's raining," said Hanid. "It's an awful morning. Here, come look out of the window and you'll see for yourself."

A strange sort of sly smile came to Mr Merlin's lips as he answered: "My dear Hanid, do you insist that I look out that window? I'd rather look out of this one!"

Mr Merlin pointed to the other end of the room where there wasn't any window at all—except that suddenly there was a window, right on the dark wall! And in through the window came a stream of golden sunshine!

Knarf and Hanid, breathless with excitement, rushed over to look out through this new window! Mr Merlin stood behind them also looking out. He was smiling.



Mr. Merlin pointed to the wall and a window appeared.

There, through the magic window (for it had to be a magic one!) they looked out into a wondrous garden, bathed in sunshine and glowing with colours!

There were trees with fruit that looked like ice-cream cones!

There were bushes with taffy hanging from every twig!

There were brooks gurgling and bubbling with chocolate milk!

"It doesn't look like such a bad morning to me," Mr Merlin remarked in a gentle voice.

A Magic Door

Knarf and Hanid could only shout: "Please Mr Merlin—how can we get into that garden? Where is the door?"

"The door? Why . . . right here," he said. He waved his arm toward a spot just to one side of the magic window and there, instantly, appeared a door with a large brass door knob.

In less than half the time it takes to read these words, Knarf and Hanid were out through the door and into the garden.

They ate the cones from the ice-cream trees, the taffy from the taffy bushes and drank the milk from the chocolate-milk brooks.

"Yes, Mr Merlin, it IS a good morning! It is! IT IS!" cried Hanid.

Toast Had A Deadly Beginning

USUALLY just before a contest starts the contestants shake hands. In the days when fighting a duel was thought the proper way to settle an argument, the duelists waited long enough to drink a glass of wine furnished by their friends before going into action.

In order to make sure that the wine came from the hand of a real friend and that there was no foul play, it was the custom to pour part of the wine from one glass over into the other. In this way, if there had been any attempt to poison one contestant, the other would have met the same fate.

This custom has continued to the present time, although somewhat modified. The actual pouring of the liquid from one glass to the other has disappeared to the point where it is now merely clinking the glasses together or, even more often, just lifting the glasses high, sometimes with a slight motion in the general direction of friends. Thus the cheery "Here's to you!" and its numerous variations.

Another interesting development along the same lines is that of the term "Hobnobbing."

The flat part of the hearth, where the water and spirits were warmed in the old days of the open fire, was called the "hob." The small table which was usually drawn up before the fire and around which friends gathered for confidential talk was a "nob." Hence the term "hobnobbing."

Nowadays we often hear the phrase when people are merely talking confidentially—"hobnobbing over there in the corner!"

Many of our common phrases have strange histories.

ZOO'S WHO

Rupert & the Distant Music—12

Bill does not want to agree to Rupert's idea. "There's something wonderful about this music," he says. "I feel I could go on and on. Although we've just climbed a long hill I'm as fresh as when I started. I must find where it comes from." And he marches off. "Well, I'll return just a little way," Rupert sighs. Then a big shock awaits him for he finds that he can't return. He tries and tries, but every time he lifts a foot some force seems to pull him backwards towards the mysterious music.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 16

BORN today, you have a strong mind. You like to dominate any situation in which you find yourself and if you cannot lead, you are apt to go off and sulk—or find another group whom you can lead! This characteristic works both ways—favourably and unfavourably. It is good to be strong—but it is better to be able to stand up for your rights and not run off if you are facing a setback.

Perhaps a great deal of this can be blamed on your strong emotions, for you are often governed by your feelings rather than by good, common sense. Learn to think things over a little more carefully before making your decisions. The chances are that then, you won't have to change your mind so often.

You have a good head for business and actually must guard against being a little sharp in your dealings with others. Once you decide what you want, you can go after it without losing any of the cash payments which are coming to you.

Another side of your nature, perhaps not as well known, is that you have a deeply spiritual nature. You have a great deal of faith in the ultimate good that can be accomplished. Somewhat stern in your display of discipline, those who follow your lead in the lean years will be those who are present to share your material success when it arrives.

Among those born on this date are: Sir Joshua Reynolds, painter; Kathleen Norris and Floyd Gibbons, authors; Mary Baker Eddy, reformer; Barbara Stanwyck, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 17

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—If you can, drive out into the country and enjoy the fine, summer weather. Get that suntan.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Continue what you began yesterday with full confidence that you will succeed in whatever you most desire.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—An early start if you are driving out of town is advised. You'll avoid being caught in a traffic jam.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Personal affairs should be going along smoothly for you just now. Take time out to enjoy life.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Pile the family into the car and get out into the open. Maybe a picnic would be a good idea.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Harmony should be supreme and the only thing to disrupt it could be your own attitude!

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You may need to make a decision: whether to change earlier plans to accept an interesting invitation.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—A good sermon might serve as an inspiration. You also may be asked to join some charitable activity.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—If out of town, get an early start for home to avoid heavy traffic, thus losing all good benefits from your week-end rest.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Even if visiting away from home, why not attend church as a visitor? You might receive a message of value.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Church attendance might at this time, bring you exactly the spiritual inspiration which you currently need.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—If out in unfamiliar country, take care that you don't get lost! This is true, whether hiking or driving.

BORN today, you are one of those energetic, highly magnetic individuals who stirs up a lot of activity whenever you go. Things can be as calm and quiet as a summer night—then splash! You enter the scene and there is thunder and lightning! You have a good head for business, are a fine executive, a good promoter—in fact, it will be a miracle if you are not wealthy before you have reached middle age.

However, you may need to be careful of your spending habits, for you are inclined to spend money almost as fast as you can make it. But you believe that there is another pot of gold just around the next corner and are never "down and out."

You women have a talent for public life and are natural joiners. You will always be active in the life of your community and are usually the chairmen. You are not the type to sit back and let others do the hard work. You will always do your share to make a project a success.

Among those born on this date are: James Cagney, actor; John Jacob Astor, financier; John Wilbur, reformer; Alexander B. Meek, jurist and author.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JULY 18

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—If buying household necessities today, the chances are that you will find excellent bargains.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You can mix business with pleasure; also anticipate a spice of romance in your life just now.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Be prepared to be aggressive and progressive. You can get exactly what you want if you go out after it.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—The stars indicate that things are balanced in your favour now. Take full advantage of good aspects.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—The stars say that a stroke of good fortune is very apt to come your way. Be ready for it!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—You may receive praise for past work well done. Let it encourage you to make further advances.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—If contemplating a business change or expansion, this is a good time to do it, but proceed carefully.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Word from a distance, and from someone you love, may bring joy and cheer to you. If it's an invitation, accept it.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—This is one of those days when a lot of hard work will bring highly satisfactory results. Get going!

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—This could turn out to be a highly romantic day for you. Don't rush issues; let them take a natural course.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Daydreams alone won't bring the results you desire, but actions probably will do the job.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You may have to sacrifice some pleasure to finish a necessary job. Get started early and you can probably do both!

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• JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Simple Bid Brings Great Results

By OSWALD JACOBY

WHEN today's hand was played in the recent Intercollegiate Championship in America, most of the experienced collegians bid and played it perfectly. The point of the hand, although easy to see, was a good one.

The bidding was, of course, simplicity itself. South's opening bid of one no-trump shows 16 to 18 points, with balanced distribution and at least three suits stopped. North, with 11 points in high cards, knows that the combined count is enough to furnish a fine play for game; and he therefore bids game without further ado.

West opens the jack of hearts, and South wins the first trick with the queen. Declarer must develop the diamonds to fulfil the contract, and he must do so without allowing East to win a trick. The contract would be defeated if East were allowed to lead a heart; but there is no danger if West leads another heart.

	NORTH		13
	♠ A Q 8		
	♥ 7 3		
	♦ K 9 7 4 3		
	♣ Q 9 6		
WEST		EAST	
♠ 9 6 5		♠ 10 7 3 2	
♥ A J 10 6 5		♥ 9 8 2	
♦ J 5		♦ Q 8 6	
♣ 8 5 3		♣ K J 2	
	SOUTH (D)		
	♠ K J 4		
	♥ K Q 4		
	♦ A 10 2		
	♣ A 10 7 4		

North-South vul.

South	West	North	East
1 N.T.	Pass	3 N.T.	Pass
Pass	Pass		

Opening lead—♥ J

South must therefore play the diamonds by ducking a diamond trick to West. After winning the first trick with the queen of hearts, South leads a spade to dummy's queen and returns a low diamond. East must play low, of course, and South finesses the ten of diamonds.

South doesn't expect this finesse to win the trick. He is content to lose the trick to West's jack. But now West cannot endanger the contract no matter what he returns. South is ready to take the ace and king of diamonds, after which dummy's remaining diamonds will be good. Declarer makes his contract with four diamonds, three spades, one heart, and one club.

♥♣CARD Sense♠♦

Q—The bidding has been:

North	East	South	West
1 Spade	Pass	2 Clubs	Pass
2 Diamonds	Pass	?	

You, South, hold:
♠K J 6 3 2 ♥6 3 ♦5 ♣A K J 6 5
What do you do?

A—Bid four spades. This jump raise is a mild slam invitation. It indicates ten black cards, with no losers in the black suits for the partnership. North should make a further move if he can visualize a slam opposite this kind of hand.

TODAY'S QUESTION

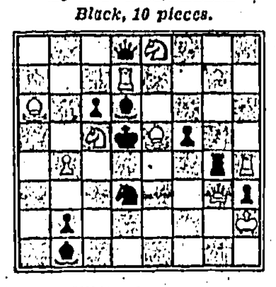
The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold:
♠K 5 ♥6 3 ♦Q 6 3 2 ♣A K J 6 5
What do you do?

Answer on Monday

CHESS PROBLEM

By A. F. ARGUELLES

Black, 10 pieces.



White, 9 pieces.

White to play: mate in two.

Solution to yesterday's problem: 1, K—Kt7; threat 2, K—B6. 1 . . . R—B6; 2, Kt—Kt4; 1 . . . P—B6; 2, Kt—KKt6; 1 . . . Kt—B6; 2, Kt—B7.



ANITA'S SWITCH

NEW FACE. It belongs to Anita Ekberg, who comes from Scandinavia (where Garbo came from). In Scandinavia she did a lot of modelling and acted. Now she is in Hollywood, planning to do a lot of acting and no modelling.

MR FISHER IS STILL TRUMPS

By FRANCIS MARTIN

London.

AFTER two and a half years, Eddie Fisher is this week declared by HMV headquarters to be top-seller and trump card still.

Last Fisher long-play they put out was a ten-incher with six sentimental "oldies" on each side, My Serenade To You, DLP 1074. Seem to remember hearing these same 12 pralines on an American disc title I Love You. Why change of title?

Coyly clearing throat, HMV explain: "I Love You is all right for the States but too direct for us. It isn't in keeping with our conservative approach to things, er . . ."

"Amorous?"

"Thank you, yes."

BLACK FUR

Fisher was last here during the newspaper strike. On the stage he is the gauche, grinning college boy. Off it he is small, swarthy, shrewd. He sat dressing-gowned in his Palladium dressing-room while a girl trimmed his nails and a barber the rich black fur of his hair.

With his free hand he signed photographs of himself. A lump of gold hung from a chain in his chest-hair tangle. On one side of it the Star of David was engraved, on the other side the Ten Commandments.

"Your publicity says you have sold fourteen million records in four years. That right?"

"Call it five years. Yes, quite fourteen million, maybe more. It's hard to keep count. Twenty hits in a row. That never happened in the records business before."

A KID SINGER

"Did your success surprise you?"

"Well, no. It didn't happen overnight as everyone thinks. It took nine years. I started work for fifteen cents a week as a kid singer on Philadephia radio. Then fifty cents. Then a dollar. Then three, five, ten, seventy-five, a hundred, two hundred."

"What do you earn now?"

"Oh, lots."

"What do you mean by lots?"

"I earn around 750,000 dollars (about £260,000) a year. But out of that I have to pay a terrific staff."

"How much do you pay out?"

"An awful lot."

"What's an awful lot?"

"I don't know just how much. I don't have a great deal to do with my money. I have accountants and lawyers who take care of it. (I hope they are taking care of it.) I just sing the songs.

Just singing the songs is a jumpier job than might appear. In the studio Fisher frowns over playbacks, has been known to scrub as many as fifteen to make one record.

He will listen to a new disc of his ten times or fewer. "Ten times is quite enough. I hear all the mistakes I make, all the little things I did that I don't like, the notes I hit too hard, the notes I didn't hit hard enough." He anxiously vets all lyric material, winkling out lines and words with a suggestive slant; admits he has a moral responsibility to his millions of teen-age worshippers.

"I wonder sometimes whether I can live up to it. Suppose I do something wrong and those kids follow my example. . . . I so want always to do the right thing."

But, when he has the microphone in front of him, worries fade. That plummy baritone is as relaxed and confident as a rich sunbather's afternoon on Palm Beach.

PICK OF THE REST

OTHER voices wait in the 10in. 78r. queue.

First, Johnny Ray's. Quite unbelievable, I find. Can such things be? Ought they? Tone is high-grade molasses laced with lemon-juice. In My Love For You (Philips PB 462) he gulps back manly sobs. A tear is always near, though. Take it out on the words, then. Twilight is ter-wi-light. Leaves don't cling but ca-ling to loving trees. Ca-louds ba-lack the skies.

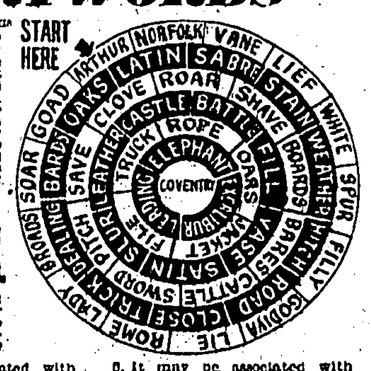
Next Gino Caroli's. Tenor tone comes out of his larynx like cream out of a tube. Hear him in Mama (Parlophone R 4031). This is a Neapolitan heart-throb done into English. And such English. *I tink of the days when I was just a keed.* But this, understand, is part of the fun.

Jo Stafford's voice is a darling ruffian's. On Philips PB 458 she begins, "Well . . . Ah got a sweetie." Voice ups and downs like a roller-coaster. She fetches a deep, rowdy breath. You see her eyes roll.

DARTWORDS

TODAY Dartwords begins and ends in the history books—or perhaps the story books. The first word is ARTHUR and the last is COVENTRY. You have to rearrange the other 48 words in the circle in such a way that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules.

START HERE



RULES

1. The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.
2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.
3. It may be found by adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.
4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile metaphor, or association of ideas.
5. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the action of a book, play, or other composition.
6. It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in fact or fiction.

A typical succession of words might be: Top Hole Pole Pose Post Stop Gap Gaps Yawn.

(Solution on Page 20)

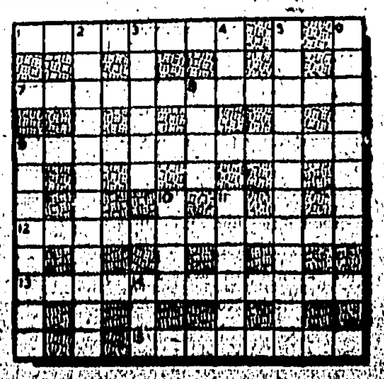
CROSSWORD

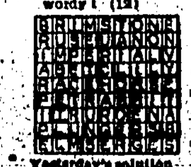
Across

1. It's a country in two parts. (8)
7. This sometimes makes interesting reading matter when reformed characters write their memoirs. (5, 4)
9. Is this a cheeky fan? (5, 7)
12. Plastic one mixed up with little Alfred following—all very wordy! (12)
13. No food value in this. (12)
15. Mustard ones are recommended. (8)

Down

2. Stainless steel sent this to the attic. (5-7)
3. They are kept busy in chestnut-tree area. (6)
4. Not a thing. (3)
5. The attraction of mind to mind. (8, 4)
6. Rip Van Winkle mountains. (8)
8. Not open, not shut. (4)
9. A very quiet musical order in the midst of a fling. (8)
10. Just tied right (and blonde). (6)
11. United over the ocean. (4)
14. Pushover, under the plate. (3)





Yesterday's solution

TARGET

G	L	N
A	O	A
C	O	T

How many words of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the square on the left in making each word the letters in each of the small squares may be used once only. Each word must contain the large letter in the centre square, and there must be at least one nine-letter word in the list. No plurals, no foreign words, no proper names.

TODAY'S TARGET: 16 words, good; 20 words, very good; 25 words, excellent.—Solution on Monday.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: Acre arose canst cane, carsen carst cart caste case pasta cast, caste caster carter cease sted site arise crate crean crest race redot recast rice sacrist scar snare sect sice. STAIRCASE hearts tice trace trice.

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"STAR ALCYONE"	—,— Oct.	14	—,— Oct.	15

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"STAR BETELGEUSE"	Arr. July	19	Sails July	20
"STAR ARCTURUS"	—,— Aug.	13	—,— Aug.	14
"THAI"	—,— Aug.	27	—,— Aug.	28
"STAR ALCYONE"	—,— Sept.	17	—,— Sept.	18
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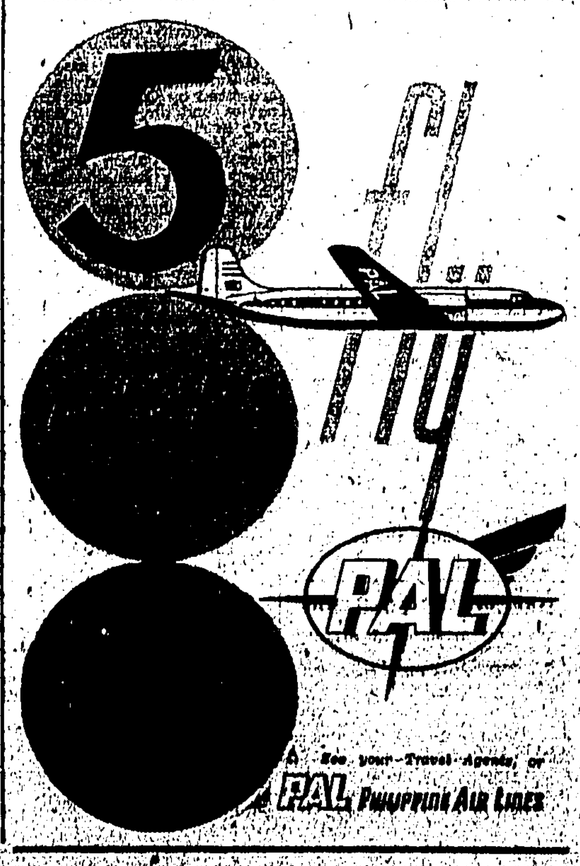
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SHEAFFER'S Skrip

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

No Waste Of Words

GEORGE is a man of great eloquence, but his eloquence lies not in his speech, which he uses frugally, but in his bearing.

He is a vast man and, at 75 years old, still has his huge frame under perfect discipline. He holds himself as straight-backed and stiff as a barrack-square recruit who aims to impress.

The years have robbed him of nothing but the finer shades of hearing; they have even added to his dignity.

If fate had any fine feelings, George should be by now exercising patriarchal influence over a far-spreading family.

HOME OF THE EQUAL

FATE being what it is, there is no one in the world who cares in the least what George thinks, or even what becomes of him. He has outlived his family and has no friends, no home. He lives in the Institution.

In the Institution, all men are equal. Past achievements count for very little and pride is at a discount. For who should be proud, the old men ask, whose years of retirement are spent in what used to be called the workhouse?

Yet some men there have managed to keep their pride. George has. Sometimes it irritates those with whom he shares his home.

They chip him and chaff him in the wny that small boys at prep. school torment those whose ways and manners they do not comprehend.

JESTS—AND ENVY

GEORGE, being such a big man, has an appetite to match his figure. This makes him the butt for endless jokes. But though the jokes are feeble, there is unpleasantness behind them born, perhaps, of envy. Sometimes they hurt.

A stripling who had not yet reached 70, cracked such a joke at George the other day. George gave him a push. The younger man fell and broke an elbow.

A storm immediately broke about George's head. The police were called and George found himslf in the dock at Marlborough Street, charged with causing actual bodily harm.

In the dock he stood to attention and roared to the magistrate: "My conscience is clear, sir. I plead not guilty."

CORRECT, SIR

HE was remanded and persuaded to accept free legal aid. When he next appeared, he clicked his heels, saluted the magistrate, Mr Clyde Wilson, and glanced meaningly towards counsel's box, from which his free legal aid rose.

"I understand, sir," said George's free legal aid, "that both the complainant and the police would be satisfied if this were dealt with on a summons for common assault."

The magistrate amended his register and the story was briefly re-told, a detective roaring it out into George's ear.

"When I saw you," the detective bellowed, "you said the other man made fun of you because you were such a big eater."

"Correct," George bellowed back.

VICTORY MARCH

"THIS man, sir," said the officer, more quietly, "lives on his old age pension. He gets 7s. 6d. a week after he has paid the institution, and earns another 3s. 6d. for doing odd jobs about the place."

The magistrate nodded. He discharged George conditionally, but ordered him to pay £2 15s. doctor's fees.

"Certainly, sir," George roared, saluted again and marched away with his chin held high, as though he was heading a victory march.

Perhaps in a way, he was—a victory march for all those who wear no medals yet have striven hard in the battle, the battle for life.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

ARTHUR Excalibur Sword Sabre Bares Bards Boards Broads Norfolk Jacket Leather Weather Vane Vase Save Shave Close Clove Hitch Pitch Battle Cattle Castle Elephant White Lie Lief File Fill Filly Oaks Oars Soar Roar Road Goad Spur Slur Stain Satin Lath Rome Rope Trick Truck Dealing Leading Lady Godiva COVENTRY.

'US FORCES INADEQUATE'

Ridgway Criticises Soundness Of Military Policies

LETTER TO WILSON

Washington, July 15.

General Matthew B. Ridgway seriously criticised United States military forces as "inadequate in strength and improperly proportioned" a few days before he retired on June 30 as Army Chief of Staff.

General Ridgway made the criticism and questioned the soundness of United States military policies in a letter to the Defence Secretary, Mr Charles E. Wilson.

The Defence Department made it public today.

The four-Star General, a combat soldier in Korea and World War II, told Mr Wilson that he would be neglecting his duty if he did not re-affirm his convictions in regard to military defence of the United States before leaving as Army chief.

He said that the United States has established itself as the leader of Western resistance to Communism. As a result of American commitments, he said, United States forces may be involved in action in many different types of climate and terrain.

FORCE WITH FORCE

To meet these commitments, he said, the United States must be prepared to meet force with force whether in large or small conflicts and whether or not atomic weapons are used.

In his view, the General said, the United States military forces "are inadequate in strength and improperly proportioned to meet.... (them) ...specific or implied...."

"It is my view that the commitments which the United States had pledged create a positive requirement for an immediately available mobile joint military force of hard-hitting character in which the versatility of the whole is emphasised and the preponderance of any one part is de-emphasised," General Ridgway said.

General Ridgway said he had been pictured in "some quarters as opposing emphasis on air power." But he said, "the exact contrary is true."

He said he is opposed to "overemphasis" on air power just as he is opposed to over-emphasis of any military force "where dependence on that force exceeds its capabilities and impairs the nation's overall military potential."

NOT VERY IMPORTANT

At Quantico, Virginia, where Mr Wilson is attending a Defence conference, the Secretary commented on General Ridgway's letter, "I don't think it is very important."

General Ridgway said in his "farewell" letter that he felt it was his duty "to advance the primary interests of United States security over and above Service interests."

General Ridgway said that the United States and its allies are faced by Communist armies, navies and air forces "formidable in size, modern in material and techniques and deployed threateningly along the periphery of the Iron and Bamboo Curtains...."

On the other hand, he said, free world military forces deployed around the perimeter, other than those in Western Europe, are in the position of being merely military detachments.

He said they are not mutually supporting, have little or no strategic mobility of their own, and are difficult to reinforce because of the lack of truly mobile and adequate military reserves.

"Present United States military forces cannot support fully America's diplomacy," he added. If military power is to support diplomacy effectively, he said, "it must be real and apparent to all concerned, and it must be capable of being applied promptly."

COMMON REFUSAL

General Ridgway said it now appears there may be a "common refusal" on all sides to use nuclear weapons at all in any future war so that military strategy may have to rely on other types of well-equipped, mobile forces.

It appears "prudent to assume" that Soviet strategists are now considering a course of action, he said, which would put on the United States "the onus of initiating the use of military nuclear fire-power."

He said Russia, in seeking to extend its power and domination over areas of the world, would not want to take over an area that had become "a vast ash heap of devastated animal life or of a human race debilitated by the effects of radiation."

He said the Soviet hopes for gaining these "prizes" are based on military forces "which comprise large ground forces supported by integral tactical air forces, supplemented by air defences and including a minor surface navy, a threatening submarine fleet and a long range air force growing in capability."

He said there is little reason to doubt that the USSR would prefer to avoid the use of nuclear weapons and will direct its strategy toward the creation of situations which will make their use not necessary.

He said the variable character which general war may assume over the next 10 years makes the best Soviet strategy the employment of conventional ground forces supported by air and navy.—United Press.



GENERAL RIDGWAY

SWISS INT'L TENNIS RESULTS

Geneva, July 15.

Results in today's play at the Swiss international tennis championships at Gstaad were as follows:

Quarter finals:

Women's Singles: Josefa De Riba (Spain) beat Rita Davar (India) 6-2, 6-1.

Men's Doubles (semi-final): Art Larsen (America) and Enrique Morea (Argentine) beat Rene Buser and Sigmond Zorny (Switzerland) 5-7, 6-2, 6-3.

Women's Doubles (quarter) finals): Lucia Manfredi (Italy) and Doris Poople (USA) beat Rita Davar (India) and Heidi Enzen (Switzerland), 7-5, 4-6, 7-5.

Women's Doubles (semi-final): Arlette Halff (France) and Josefa De Riba (Spain) beat Lucia Manfredi and Doris Poople 5-7, 6-2, 6-1.

Mixed Doubles (1st round): Rita Davar and Rene Buser walked over, Lucia Manfredi and Adolfo Covi (Italy).

2nd Round—Doris Poople and Buddy Beale (USA): beat Josefa De Riba and Jose Draper (Spain) 6-1, 6-4.

Quarter Final: Ruth Knufman (Switzerland) and Vladimir Skonecki (Switzerland) beat Rita Davar and Rene Buser 7-5, 4-6, 6-2.

WELSH INTERNATIONAL

Newport, July 15.

Argentina's Mrs Marie Weiss won the Women's Singles title of the Welsh international lawn tennis championships when she defeated Britain's junior champion, Miss Ann Haydon 1-6, 6-1, 6-2, in the final here today.

South Africa's T. Fancutt defeated India's R. Krishnan 4-6, 6-3, 6-2 in the semi-final of the Men's Singles. He meets South Africa's O. Williams in the final.

Williams defeated his compatriot R. Seymour 6-4, 6-2 in today's other semi-final.—France-Presse.

'BY THUNDER' A PROBABLE

London, July 16.

British trained By Thunder, owned by South African steel manufacturer, Mr J. S. Gerber, has been added to the probable runners for the £27,800 King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot today (Saturday).

The four-year-old will be ridden by Willie Snaith.

This brings the probable field up to 11.

The start is timed for 1420 GMT.—China Mail Special.

TOUR DE FRANCE

British Team Down To Four

Monaco, July 15.

Oxygen starvation, broken gears and heavy falls in the rarefied atmosphere of the French Alps reduced the British team to four in this gruelling cycling marathon around France.

Rather than to hold up the best men in his team, Bob Maitland of Birmingham courageously dropped out. He fell with Tony Hoar of Emsworth, Hants, and a bunch of Spaniards only five miles out from Briancon — the starting point — as they crossed over the river Durance by a narrow wooden bridge.

When they rejoined the pack, Maitland's gears packed up. Hoar waited for him, but Maitland ordered Hoar not to wait. "Catch the pack up. Don't waste the team's time and your own. I will try and make it on my own," he said.

But suffering from his fall the plucky man from Birmingham abandoned the race at the 7,023-foot high Cayolle Pass after covering 68 miles of the 172 miles stage.

KREBBS HURT

Fred Krebbs of Cambridge arrived here with his left elbow covered in blood and his sweater and shorts torn to ribbons. He was the first of the British team to clock in.

"I fell on the way down the Cayolle Pass after helping Robinson back into the pack," said Krebbs as he grimaced with the pain of a patch of boils that had broken out.

Brian Robinson of Huddersfield, who had a puncture in turn, waited for Krebbs when the 23-year-old electrician from East Anglia had brake trouble.

It was team spirit all the way between the British as they battled against Continental giants, experienced in mountain climbing with their lungs trained for the rarefied air.

Robinson, who had the luck of avoiding a fall during this murderous stage had punctures twice. As he looked at the blue Mediterranean from here, he sighed: "Now for a day's rest."

The riders take their first rest day here tomorrow.—France-Presse.

LETTER TO BERTRAND RUSSELL

EDEN'S HOPES OF EASING TENSION

London, July 15.

Sir Anthony Eden, Britain's Prime Minister, declared here today that "only the abolition of war can finally remove the perils which threaten the future of mankind."

The Prime Minister said it was his hope that the Four-Power "summit" conference opening at Geneva on Monday would make progress towards reducing the troubles and easing the tension which now beset the world."

He was commenting in a letter to 83-year-old Bertrand Russell, philosopher and one-time pacifist on the late Albert Einstein's last message to the world warning that nuclear warfare could mean the extinction of the human race. Signed by eight eminent scientists and by Einstein on the day of his death, April 18, this message asserted war with H-bombs could cause universal death of slow torture—by disease and disintegration.

HEADS OF STATE

Professor Russell forwarded copies to the heads of state of Russia, the United States, France, China and Britain urging them to give public expression to "the most serious problem" that had ever confronted the human race.

Sir Anthony Eden today replied:

"The grave situation to which the statement draws attention has long been the concern of myself and of my colleagues in Her Majesty's Government. I agree that only the abolition of war can finally remove the perils which threaten the future of mankind.

"I therefore welcome the fact that the statement recognises that it is war itself and not simply nuclear weapons which must be abolished and that the renunciation of nuclear weapons must form part of a general reduction of armaments. This is in full accord with the policy which Her Majesty's Government have consistently followed.

"It is my hope that at the forthcoming meeting at Geneva we shall by patience and perseverance be able to make progress towards reducing the troubles and easing the tensions which now beset the world," the Prime Minister concluded.

Professor Russell wrote to Sir Anthony Eden on July 9.—Reuter.

Kiwis Getting Too Big For Riding

Wellington, July 15.

New Zealand's youngsters are putting on weight. And it has thrown horse-racing rules there into a turmoil.

Now the rules have been revised, and because youths are getting heavier, the New Zealand racing conference decided today that the minimum weight given to any horse in a handicap flat race will in future be 105 pounds instead of the present 98 pounds.

The "milk in schools" scheme, better food and the fact that boys could not become apprenticed jockeys until they were 15 were among reasons given for changing the rules.

It was stated that out of approximately 200 jockeys in New Zealand, only five could ride at 98 pounds and there were only 33 who could ride at the new minimum of 105 pounds.—China Mail Special.

DAVIS CUP

Stockholm, July 15.

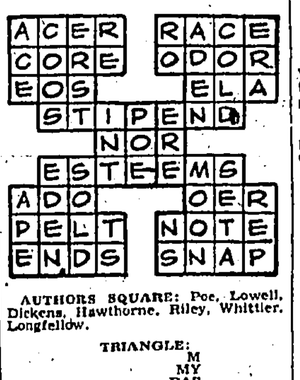
Lennart Bergelin of Sweden beat Andres Hammersley of Chile in the European zone Davis Cup semi-final here today by 5-7, 7-5, 6-2, 6-3.

Earlier, Luis Ayala of Chile beat Sven Davidson of Sweden in the other singles match today by 1-6, 7-5, 7-5, 6-3.

The winner of this semi-final will meet Italy in the final.—France-Presse.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

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PAS
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ADD-A-GRAM: Me, met, tome, smote, motels.

DE-TAILED WORDS: Caper, cape, cap.

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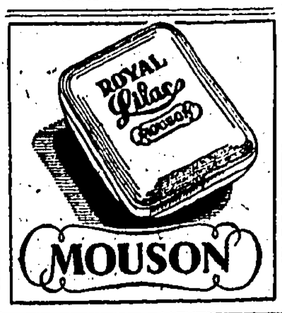
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